

# Circus

*A cosmic joke for Delta Green  
by Caleb Stokes*

## <H1>Introduction

DG Agents chase suspects in the burglary of an unnatural artifact. The robbers' cellphones trace to Rockfall Cave, Illinois, a small roadside tourist trap with barely 200 residents. Considering the time of year, it's likely the robbers intend to join the Dead Circus: an annual music festival hosted by the carnycore rap group Loopy Jester Gang. Agents must apprehend the suspects amongst the 30k+ attendees camping out at the site, secure the artifact, and minimize casualties amongst the concert goers.

LJG (shouted 'el – jay – GEE!') has a history of hostility towards law enforcement. The search area is spread across 200 acres of nomadic fandom tent city, without roads, running water, or reliable cellphone service. Agents are encouraged to engage the population undercover, and they must first secure cooperation with LJG staff to navigate the "Dead Circus" and apprehend the suspects quietly.

The suspects already know about the pursuing Agents and their pet Friendlies. The threat is understood. Anticipated, measured, dismissed, conditioned, *burned* into memory with a white-hot brand made of centuries. The feds and their cronies do not know that their participation in the Dead Circus is fated. They do not yet see the Loop.

But they will see. They do see. They have seen. Forever and forever and always.

## <H2>Using This Operation

Players in this operation come from one of two backgrounds. One group plays Agents from Delta Green. The other is made up of people recruited as Friendlies: the music festival staff for the Loopy Jester Gang. Try to split the group evenly – partnered Agents "commanding" two Friendlies works well.

When referring to player-characters in general, the text uses the collective "Agents." Where it's important to differentiate the two backgrounds, "Friendlies" refers to characters not briefed into Delta Green. Headers use the abbreviation **DG (Delta Green)** and **LJG (Loopy Jester Gang)**.

This is a one-shot “on rails.” Much the same way destiny is “on rails.” Characters get caught in an unnatural time loop. All of them are going to escape – in some form or another. They *will* reach the end and defuse temporal catastrophe stemming from an artifact called the Rending Eye. *Dead Circus* is not about seeing *if* this happens: *the loop’s collapse is inevitable*.

We play to see *how* the escape happens. Specifically, what portion of each character’s sanity remains? Which parts of their personalities boil away under exposure to radiant, unbearable forever?

## <Side>Influences

The story takes inspiration from the Insane Clown Posse. It should be noted that no version of ICP exists in this game's timeline. The Family is too beautiful to co-exist in the same sordid, nihilistic reality as Delta Green (whoop whoop). The Loopy Jester Gang is a sad approximation, reserved to the dark, doomed timeline in which Agents find themselves.

This is a time loop game. Yes, I know. Another one.

It's like *Groundhog's Day*, *The Good Place*, *Russian Doll*, *Palm Springs*, *Edge of Tomorrow*, and *Everything, Everywhere, All at Once*. If you want to get literary, it's like Zack Parson's *Liminal States* trapped inside Joe R. Landsdale's *The Drive-In*. If you don't follow horrorcore rap, use the music of Clown Core as a soundtrack; I recommend *Toilet*. Gamers out there might call this a rip-off of Shane Ivey's "Observer Effect," except ridiculous, hack, and low-rent.

Characters in this operation are aware of the same media influences. They've seen the films and read the books -- hundreds of times -- searching for answers. Those who know the Loop have consumed and memorized the complete works of all related artists, all critical material available, and all translations in every language. These eternal consumers are more bored of the premise than you. They are bored to a degree that cannot be understood by mortals.

Like you, the Loopers find the concept unoriginal. Like you, they cannot escape. They find people like us trite and cliché. They find calling out unoriginality trite and cliché. They find existence trite and cliché. All experience fades, hollows, and erases itself under hellish repetition. The mind drowns under an unceasing torrent of eternity.

But everybody likes Bill Murray. Even the damned.

**xxx END BOX xxx**

The sections are organized to ease running the game. Handlers should familiarize themselves with the [INTRODUCTION](#), [BACKGROUND](#), and [RUNNING THE OP](#) before deciding if the game is appropriate for their table.

- **BACKGROUND**: Page xx. What in the fuck is actually happening?
- **RUNNING THE OP**: Page xx. Advice for Handler’s running the same three days over and over and over and over and over and over and over and over...
- **BRIEFINGS**: Page xx. Scenes that introduce the Agents and Friendlies to each other and the premise.
- **INFINITE STAGES**: Page xx. Clues and events are separated by broad swaths of time called stages. Each stage is defined by the actions of the god-like antagonists.
- **GENERATORS**: Improvisational prompts to create the sights, sounds, and characters of the Dead Circus. Randomizers for the side-effects of ego death across infinite possibility.
- **CHARACTERS**: Page xx. Game stats and biographies.

## <H2>Cosmic Comedy

*Circus* is about roleplaying an existential nightmare in the most absurd setting imaginable. The setting half is based on a real-world event.

In 2011, the FBI National Gang Intelligence Center (NGTR) declared Juggalos – fans of the horrorcore rap duo Insane Clown Posse – to be a “loosely organized hybrid gang.” The prejudicial nature of this designation later prompted the historic Juggalo March on Washington in September of 2017. In defense of the gang classification, the FBI cited intelligence collected by undercover operations at “The Gathering”: an ICP music festival held in the American midwest since 2000.

It would be an understatement to say that federal law enforcement Agents and Juggalos do not share much by way of background. The image of some stuffed-shirt, Yale-educated, lanyard-wearing Fed trying to “be cool” with a ‘Lette at the Dark Carnival paints an inherently ridiculous image. The potential for absurdity only heightens if one of those Agents is from Delta Green.

Imagine understanding the true stakes of a cosmic indifference, then dabbing on literal clown makeup before you try to save the world.

## <H2>Eternity Horror

When portraying the horrors of immortality, the joke of *Circus* stops being funny. The concept of Self, after all, only exists as an isolated point on the larger frame of a life. A 20 day-old infant shares little in common with the same person at 20 years, not to mention age 40, 60, 80, etc. The average person’s values, beliefs, and interests grow and decay wildly across an average of 70 years and change. We inhabit a wide cast of selves before the single play ends.

The Rending Eye destroys the bounds of human identity, bypassing merciful death with endless iterations of the same three days. Conceptions of personhood, once bound in a cup of years, is

tossed *outside* the container of mortality. Unbound, a human mind spills, dissipates, and evaporates across the boundless plane of eternity. Boredom and madness dissolve all personality and discernment. Every taboo turns quaint, then obsessive, then forgotten. Inspiration dulls into dusty memory. Its spark cannot touch a cold consciousness numbed by endless witness.

# <H1>Background

Agents discover pieces of the larger context through regular investigation and skill rolls, or they remember the truth all at once when they unlock [DÉJÀ VU](#) (p.xx). The origin of the events is presented here for the Handler's understanding.

## <H2> Loopy Jester Gang

Loopy Jester Gang was a rap duo founded in the late 80's by Pugnacious James ("Pugz") and Twiggy Tag-Out ("Twiggy" or "Two-Tee-O's"). Raised in trailer parks bordering suburbs of Detroit, the pair found inspiration in early hip-hop and formed their own group. They spent 1990-92 performing in nightclubs and running a street gang called "The Jesters." Eventually, the pair settled on the band name "Loopy Jester Gang" and developed a style of rap later dubbed "carnycore" Carnycore or "Carnival-core"—defined musically by samples from calliopes, pipe organs, car horns, and circus animals combined with rap-rock instrumentation—utilizes poetic verse obsessed with carnival imagery, radical obscenity, transgressive horror tropes, and frequent allusion to professional wrestling.

White boys rapping literal clown lyrics more explicit than anything on the charts, LJG didn't make many friends amongst record companies. It was then that the Loopy Jester Gang revealed its genius for business. Over the next decade, LJG utilized a variety of credit schemes, venue contracts, marketing ploys, and outright scams to build an underground, parallel music industry centered solely around themselves. By 1998, they had built their own recording studio and founded Harlequin Records. Inside a year, they signed a half-dozen outcast bands from underground hip hop, heavy metal, and electronica.

In 2000, LJG recorded its seventh studio album and earned millions in direct market sales. Pugz and Twiggy grew tired of their success going unappreciated in the national festival circuit and resolved to do it "the Loopy way."

### <H3>HISTORY OF THE CIRCUS

In 2001, the first Dead Circus was held in a now-defunct Detroit music hall. The music hall became defunct after it burned down that night. Nearly 5000 Loopies crowded the 2000 seat capacity venue. Detroit police shut down the concert and evacuated the theatre as a fire

hazard. The ensuing riot proved the fire department correct: Loopies burned the hall, two additional businesses, and three police squad cars.

After attempts to enforce public nudity laws the next year caused a second, larger disturbance, Detroit City Council banned the group from performing within city limits. Undeterred, Harlequin Records secured the cooperation of agricultural tycoon Wayne Rollins. Rollins was a retired soy-bean farmer, two-time failed Libertarian candidate for president, and radical free speech advocate. More importantly, he owned 10,000 acres of land in Rockfall Cave, Illinois and had served as the town's mayor for three terms running. While Wayne certainly wasn't a fan, he would defend to the death LJG's right to make music...so long as the checks cleared and the animals cleaned up after themselves.

Nestled on private property within a compliant municipality, the popularity and notoriety of the Dead Circus grew. In 2005, the festival attracted 15k attendees; it never dropped beneath that number again. Each year saw expanding line-ups of underground musical acts, fostering the careers of several hip-hop performers that later broke into the mainstream. The annual show became the lynchpin of Rockfall Cave's economy, and the LJG brand expanded to include merchandising, recording studios, food vendors, event services labor, and even a line of Port-o-Potty's.

Two decades of the Dead Circus has also seen three fatalities, five shootings, nine stabbings, an attempted raid by the Highway Patrol (repelled), a couple dozen criminal assaults, hundreds of drug overdoses, countless fights, and at least two STD outbreaks of historic scope in the annals of Illinois Public Health. The community's relationship with law enforcement – always fraught – zeroed when the FBI declared LJG an international criminal organization in 2016. As a million-dollar corporate enterprise, Pugz and Twiggy fought to have the designation removed in the courts. They succeeded in 2021.

In 2024, the Dead Circus expects to host over 30k attendees, 200 merch and vendor stalls, and 22 musical acts. They have procedures to deal with buzzkill cops, and their private security company has been trained to cooperate with minimal compliance with law enforcement.

## <Side>Dead Circus in Lyrics

The name of the music festival derives from an important concept within LJG cosmology. The personas of Pugz and Twiggy are the "Devil's Harlequins." Many songs tell stories about the pair of demonic jesters invading Earth to torture and kill oppressors and abusers. The cosmology centers around "The Dead Circus," an endless carnival in hell where the FAM (the band's fanbase) can torture the rapper's victims as entertainment to pass time in the afterlife.

Notably, in the *Final Murdorgasm EP*, the song "Over My Head" suggests that lost souls condemned to torture in the Dead Circus can escape and join FAM "once they get the joke."

The contents of "The Joke" and its philosophical ramifications are left unsaid. Many Loopies believe contemplation of "The Joke" -- and the enlightenment contained therein -- to be the essence of FAM identity.

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### <H3>THE FAM

Fans of the Loopy Jester Gang refer to themselves as "Loopies," "Loopettes," or "Machete Men." The last name derives from the band's logo, which many feature prominently amongst numerous tattoos. During the weekend of the Dead Circus, Loopies dress in clown makeup, jester hats with bells, and band merchandise. Fans shout the call-and-response "*Loop Loop!*" as they interact on the festival grounds. Collectively, the community refers to itself as "the FAM."

The FAM is a unique anthropological subculture in the modern United States, containing multiple idiosyncrasies that defy demographic expectations. While the crowd skews white, male, and poor, the LJG fandom is more egalitarian than some would expect. Owing in large part to the radical acceptance preached by the duo's lyrics, the FAM contains multiple cohorts of POC, LGBTQIA, and disabled people amongst the ranks. As a result, the yearly tent city that erects itself on the fields of Rockfall Cave contains a glut of contradictions, held together only by a deep loyalty to LJG and the music.

For instance, drug abuse is so rampant at the festival that an open-air drug market – nicknamed "the Bazaar" — pops up every year. The black market is surrounded on all sides by mutual aid groups stocked with Narcan, sobriety counselors with Loopy backgrounds, and LJG-themed Christian street preachers. Similarly, Loopies have a long history of anti-racist direct action...mostly in the form of felonious assault. The Circus schedules a popular confederate flag burning event every year, and the crowd has a history of "stomp-outs:" gang beatings of neo-nazi elements that try to establish themselves in the fandom. Some of these groups have been catfished and lured to the Dead Circus for this express purpose – as a joke. There's a place called the "Fuck Hut," but LJG sponsors an attached health clinic that offers free condoms, contraception, and STD testing. It's a more thorough and affordable public health measure than can be found in many US cities today.

The crowd may have a higher-than-average percentage of felony arrests and jail time, but many Loopies have been fans for decades and bring their entire families to participate in the Circus. This includes children and grandparents. The crowd is fiercely protective of these "young Loops" and "elder clowns." The responsibility of hunting "cho-mo's" and other predators remains a strong motif amongst the FAM, and sadistic imaginings of what the Devil's Harlequins do when they find one has remained a frequent poetic conceit in the band's lyrics for two decades. Chris Hanson of *To Catch a Predator* even spoke at the Circus for a couple years. The journalist remains a celebrity in the scene years after his mainstream cultural relevance.

The three Loopies responsible for the burglary of Dr. Feri Tarr's home are exceptional examples of the fandom only in the respect of their exceptional bad luck.

## <H2> The Suspects

The operation begins with the schemes of three Loopies trying to fund a pilgrimage to the Circus.

### <H3>NAPOLÉON “RANCID ROY” ROYSTON

40 YOA. Skinny due to a managed amphetamine addiction. He sports a fish-white chest/hard-leather shoulder tanline from an outside job wearing an athletic shirt. Starting to bald, still sporting dyed-white dreads, tied up like an onion bloom atop his wrinkled, sunburnt forehead.

“Rancid Roy” is three years out of jail for misdemeanor drug possession and federal mail fraud. The only job he could find was working for his sister’s ex-husband’s roofing business. Napoleon scouted Dr. Feri Tarr’s home when the company sub-contracted for a big Minneapolis firm. He saw all the “weird, expensive shit” through the windows while working on a job next door.

When his Royston’s sister informed him of her son’s terminal heart condition, robbing that fussy professor came up as Rancid brainstormed ways to fund “one last party” for the poor kid.

### <H3>ROWEN “HUEY” HEWITT

27 YOA. 5’8” and 320 lbs, dressed exclusively in basketball shorts and graphic tees advertising wrestlers or defunct video game franchises. His sneakers are ten years-old and quickly becoming sandals. “Huey” has a number of scars and inexpert tattoos depicting Machete Man and other LJG imagery across his inner forearms. All tattoos are self-applied with a homemade inker he crafted out of an electric toothbrush.

Huey suffers from an undiagnosed developmental disability. His mother had him when she was 16, and she withdrew him from school at age 8. Mom’s ‘homeschooling’ mostly amounted to chores and screaming at him to clean up his room. Huey has never graduated high school, held a job, and lived anywhere but his Mom’s house. He helps around the place and contributes his SSI check to the grocery budget.

Recently, the young man started suffering severe bouts of fatigue while mowing the lawn. After an ambulance ride to the emergency room, Hewitt was diagnosed with Ebstein Anomaly: a congenital heart defect in the tricuspid valve. His right atrium had enlarged because of the condition. Doctors predicted only a few years to live without surgery.

No one in the family had health insurance. The family’s savings were bankrupted by one ambulance ride. Depressed by the diagnosis, Huey withdrew. All he’s done these past few months is sit in his room and listen to LJG albums. Uncle Roy’s offer to treat the boy to a vacation at the Dead Circus has stirred the first signs of hope in as long as he can remember.

### <H3>ANDY “NIGHTSONG” NYE

37 YOA. Covered head-to-toe in tattoos. While not inked on every inch, the skull grin, teardrops, and musical notes tattooed across his cheeks, eyes, and forehead suggest commitment. He’s well-built, wearing only a leather vest when weather allows, and often when it doesn’t. The vest showcases his abs, extensive tattoos, and patches for a biker gang he made up and never belonged to.

“Nightsong” was Royston’s cellmate in prison for two years. Andy Nye was sentenced for felony assault and burglary, but he received a reduced sentence for cooperation with authorities. Nightsong and Rancid reconnected after Nye’s release last year. With two felonies and a face full of ink in rural Minnesota, Nye only found work as an unlicensed tattoo artist. At least until Rancid talked about needing money fast.

After Rancid relayed his nephew Huey’s diagnosis and the earnest desire to “make a wish,” it was Nightsong that suggested a robbery to fund the mission of mercy. It didn’t hurt that he desperately needed the cash.

## <H2> The Burglary

The site of Rancid Roy’s roofing job last year shared a neighborhood with a certain two-story mid-century modern house, located across from Riverside Park in downtown Minneapolis. Walking the roof of the place next door, Rancid could see all the strange antiques, jewellery, and other fine things through the house’s big bay windows. He also noticed the imperious, suspicious expression radiating off the homeowner every time he glanced at the roofers. Roy remembered that guy’s face when Nightsong suggested they rob someone “who deserves it.”

The perpetrators were ignorant of most things: the house’s security system, the value of the objects inside, their victim’s name, etc. There was no way they could have known the most damning oversight. The house belonged to a man who worked for Delta Green

### <H3>DR. FERI TARR (AKA AGENT ELIDE)

67 YOA. Dr. Feri Tarr was a professor of Pre-Indo European Languages and History at Augsburg University in Minneapolis. His work for Delta Green exclusively benefitted the Outlaws, and he stopped going on missions a few years before the Schism in 2004. As far as Tarr was concerned, Delta Green died in the new millennium. He has no surviving cross-cell contacts with the Cowboys, and he’s grateful to never receive one of those harrowing late-night phone calls ever again.

However, retirement left him at a loss for what to do with the unnatural artifact hidden in his study.

Tarr does not remember much about discovery of the Rending Eye. He found his partner, Agent



Everest, with his face pressed to the viewpiece of the artifact, his pistol pressed to the roof of his own mouth. In fact, Tarr remembers his entire cell – along with a half-dozen cultists – in a pile around the odd telescope. The doctor was so shocked by the sight he must have wandered into the woods. He was found two days later off the highway, with little by way of explanation except a gap in his memory.

When he returned home after a hospital stay and an unsatisfying debrief, Tarr found the device and texts recovered from the cult's lair. They were hidden in the trunk of his own car. Unable to explain their presence to his already paranoid co-conspirators, the doctor kept his mouth shut and vowed to do his best to contain the artifact on his own.

After years of research, Tarr is no closer to understanding the Rending Eye. His transcription of the cult's notes – "[Notes on the Translation of the Declaration of Ma'at](#)" – provide little in the way of instruction on the device's use or intended purpose. Tarr has little idea what all of it means, but he's certain he can't slag the metal of the frame under any temperature (god, he's tried) and anyone who ever looked through the thing is dead.

Content to let evil lie, Dr. Tarr constructed a hidden vault in his home's study. The octagonal closet is lined entirely with mirrors, etched with every arcane seal he ever learned (not many, none that worked). He then sealed the Rending Eye and his notes inside. It stayed there for years.

Then two ex-cons robbed the place to fund a road trip.

### <H3>LOST CONTAINMENT

Rancid Roy and Nightsong cased out Dr. Tarr's place for three days before making a move, breaking in at 11:30pm Wednesday on July 14<sup>th</sup>. Dr. Tarr returned only two hours later, catching a late flight back from a European academic conference. He found his door ajar and his possessions gone.

Dr. Tarr quickly reviewed his security camera footage and saw that the Rending Eye was among the stolen possessions. Stunned, he wandered up to his bedroom and found the thieves had missed his double-barrel shotgun hidden beneath his mattress. He returned downstairs with the firearm, wrote a quick note in the study, and blew the back of his head off.

Neighbours heard the gunshot and called 911. Delta Green's automated systems red-flagged the name on the incident report when it entered the Minneapolis Police Scanner. By that time, the suspects had crossed into Wisconsin.

## <Side>The Rending Eye

**Appearance:** A brass-colored, metal tube, roughly 4 1/2 ft long and about 25lbs. It's mounted on a traditional telescope tripod. The shape is a conical spiral, like a ram's horn

but stretched from the end and base. The 720-degree curl stretches almost as tall as a man. The exterior is peppered with short, straight, bronze rods with asymmetrical attachments to the optical tube, as if supporting the telescope's curled joints. The upper end is affixed with an extremely ornate lens that reflects rainbows in its cuts. The other end features a worn metal eyepiece -- like that from a brass telescope -- but affixed after-market with a foam eye-rest made from an old pool noodle. Looking through the "telescope" produces a clear image from the other end, by no means magnified or distorted. Like staring down a plumbing pipe, though the tube itself is not straight. The system of interior mirrors necessary to allow light to pass through the spiraled interior must be quite elaborate.

**Source:** Unknowable. There is no way to be certain the Rending Eye's construction took place in this reality.

**Effects:** The Rending Eye does nothing unless someone looks through the eyepiece. Then the following effects occur.

-- **The Rending:** Lose **1 SAN** to Unnatural. No roll required. The viewer briefly loses consciousness, then awakes a few moments later as if nothing happened.

--**Multiversal Contingency Stack Overrun:** Perceptual collapse of the Daoleth field causes a shunting of chronological time, creating a recursive causality in linear possibility that anchors on the existence of the viewer. In layman's terms, *the viewer enters a time loop*. The loop starts the moment a person looks through the Eye; it restarts after A) the viewer's death or B) the destruction of the world.

-- **Daolethic Cascade:** The rods and cones of Daoleth breach real space through the body of the first viewer. This process usually takes a few days, and it wipes out all life in the universe. *As first viewer of the Eye, Rancid Roy explodes during the finale of the Loopy Jester Gang show on Sunday, July 18th.* There is nothing he can do to stop this from happening. If he dies beforehand, time does not resume forward motion; it resets again. Via mundane means or cosmic consumption, Rancid's experience always resets to three days prior. Every subsequent viewer is beholden to the Armageddon clock that ticks away on the first viewer's heartbeats.

-- **Tautology Break Event:** *Only those OPEN to the Rending Eye can perceive the time loop.* Past the limits of the human mind, those OPEN to the loop remember every possible version of events, all at once. Perceptually, this flood of experience occurs the instant someone looks through the eye, as if all possible futures play out simultaneously. For anyone who has not looked, the SHUT remain unaware of the fatalistic loop they are trapped within.

--**Eternity Shock:** The viewer now has access to all [Déjà Vu](#) powers (p.xx). *These abilities allow those caught in the time loop to carry knowledge between timelines, manipulating different versions of the same days using expertise and intelligence pulled from past lives.* While these powers make their wielders invincible compared to those SHUT to the infinite, wisdom does not grant escape. A tantalizing-but-limited omniscience inevitably drives

anyone OPEN to the Rending Eye mad. No human mind has the capacity to hold experiences so vast as to be unquantifiable.

--**False Sanity:** Looking through the Rending Eye instantaneously reduces a human being to 0 SAN. The points remaining after the initial -1 SAN loss from the Rending are *false sanity*: a remnant of personality and rationality maintained by rote. The ego survives initial exposure as a reflex, derived from the statistical sets of behaviors more likely to correlate together across sets in infinite repetition. A muscle memory "ghost" of personality. The more someone uses Déjà vu powers to carry knowledge across separate loops, the faster this false SAN degrades into irrevocable madness. At 0 SAN, the victim become like Rancid Roy, disappearing into the loop.

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## <H2> The Rending

Around midnight on Thursday, July 15<sup>th</sup>, the Rending occurs. The exact minute and second depends on the events of your playthrough, but it cannot be prevented. Delta Green doesn't learn the whereabouts of the suspects until it is too late.

Nightsong is away from the suspect's camp at the deciding moment. He's hustling at the drug Bazaar, trying to arrange a drug deal for the remainder of the burglary's cash before fleeing. Andy Nye does not make it back to camp in time to prevent the event, even after his mind is possessed by a member of the time-travelling Great Race.

On Thursday night, Huey sets up the weird telescope they stole and failed to pawn. His buddy, Uncle Roy, gets the honor of the first stargaze. In the moment Rancid Roy looks through the eyepiece, he learns that he is responsible for the destruction of the universe in three days. He simultaneously experiences every conceivable failure to stop this extinction or escape. The weight of the revelation causes Rancid to pass out. Huey panics and runs his unconscious uncle over to the nearest medical tent.

Told that Roy's vitals are fine and that he just drank too much, Huey is asked to leave the crowded med station and go wait at his camp. He does so, then looks into the Rending Eye himself. The shock tips Huey's weak heart past the breaking point, and he begins to suffer a heart attack. This infarction is destined to kill the young man for subjective millennia.

Rancid cannot wake up and get back to the camp fast enough to save his nephew. He knows this for certain. He has, with algorithmic certainty, tried *everything* possible, including teaching himself to be the humanity's greatest heart surgeon in 3-day increments. He spent a couple thousand years ripping fresh transplants from an unwilling donor at the Circus, and it was still not enough. The equipment, timing, and variables do not allow for Huey's survival, and so Roy begins every cycle of eternity watching his nephew die in agony.

## <H2> Daolethic Cascade

After the Rending, Rancid Roy is the oldest human being ever to live. Most possible futures end only one way. On Sunday evening, July 18<sup>th</sup>, Rancid feels himself explode into the invisible rods and cones of Daoleth (he learned the name from Tarr's briefcase, studied for centuries). He half-perceives the flesh of every human in the crowd suddenly liquify alongside his own body, as if the atmosphere itself transformed into the invisible blades of a massive blender. The effect spreads across the horizon, then across the very depths of space...and then Napoleon Royston wakes up in the medical tent again. Back to the hell of July 15<sup>th</sup>. Ready to do it all over again.

Rancid has gone insane, rallied, and regressed to new depths of madness more times than he can count. For nearly every individual at the Dead Circus, he can recall their performance as lovers...as easily as the taste of their blood, the tenor of their screams, and the deepest secrets of their souls. The absolute nature of his knowledge is matched only by his complete despair. He longs for nothing more than death, but he has lost the belief it can find him. Were it not for his immortal adversary, Rancid would have drifted into catatonia eons ago.

For reasons Rancid Roy cannot explain, Nightsong also sees the loop. His cellmate remains at the peripheries of Roy's endless diversions in every timeline, studying his systemic manipulations with the same intensity Roy uses to engineer escape. No matter how many times Rancid Roy persuades, tortures, or interrogates Nightsong, Mr. Face-tats never reveals how he can perceive the loop without using the Rending Eye. He never agrees to help Rancid escape, nor does he seem bothered by pain. After every failed attempt to get information, Nightsong alters his tactics to avoid Rancid on the next loop, starting the eternal cat-and-mouse over again.

This never-ending chess match is the only thing that gives Rancid's life meaning, but the stalemate bores him as much as suicide. Thus – in the millions of possible timelines constantly spawning and overwriting his insane mind – Rancid decides his next move is to add more players to the board....

# <H1>Running the Op

The premise of *Dead Circus* requires abandoning – midway through the operation – both the mechanics of the game and the concept of reliable narration.

This section provides advice for Handlers.

## <H2> Player Safety

DG is a horror game. Discuss safety tools with your table before playing.

*Circus* finds horror in the endless variety of human behavior. There is a set of circumstances and variables that grow a person into a saint. There is a different set that turns the same person into a serial killer. Even limited to three, very-specific days... infinite repetition implies infinite boredom, infinite temptation, infinite pain, etc.

When Agents look through the Rending Eye, the mechanics of the game encourage sacrificing a character's boundaries for power and knowledge. Agents are asked to unravel personal taboos, Bonds, and limits, crushing them under the weight of forever. Narrating these moments can go very dark places.

Keeping people safe supersedes any justification for what "my character would do." This is especially true regarding subjects like sex and consent. While Rancid Roy may have turned into a sociopath, each player defines their own loop. Maybe your Agent ravages and destroys all the people they ever dreamed of, and that number remains zero.

Humans are defined by limits. If describing the unnatural dissolution of one boundary would ruin someone's experience at the table, take some time and think of a different limit to explore. You have all the time you could ever need.

## <H2> One Timeline

The operation does not represent multiple timelines. The table is playing *one* story: a singular sequence of events. The plot of a time loop, finally escaped.

This means that the game won't repeat scenes over and over. The horror radiates from the influence of invisible possibilities, and the ways they scar the game's single story. Handlers must keep a few principles mind to convey this weird situation, especially to those blind to the unnatural source.

### <H3>THE LAW OF DAOLETH

The Great Race of Yith – giant coleopterous beetles that engineer their own salvation in the future by possessing creatures throughout history – understand a basic principle that man cannot perceive (Delta Green Handler's Guide p.122). Their human students regarded this concepts as a god. They ascribed it names like Ma'at, Daoleth, and a thousand other superstitions. But the Yith understand "god" for what it is: a fundamental, universal constant. Not unlike the Conservation of Energy, but for time travel.

“Daoleth” is the function by which timelines must, paradoxically, collapse towards a single endpoint. A singular possible arrangement of events. The ‘end’ to infinity. All causality is predicated upon this one necessity: time must continue.

The Yithians know that loops caused by things like the Rending Eye end one of two ways. Either the time loop eats itself – paradoxing out of existence – or the Daoleth Cascade expands exponentially – draining all energy from the universe and ending existence (see **ETERNAL AGENDAS** p.xx).

Oblivion is bad for the Yithians. If they can’t make the loop resolve itself, they jump further back up the timestream, preventing it’s creation. They may abort Dr. Feri Tarr in the womb, but if they have go so far back as to prevent the evolution of humanity, how would Agents ever know?

### <H3>STAGES

To prevent every possible arrangement of events from overwhelming Handlers, the operation is executed in “stages,” decided one at a time. The three days are split into rough segments of AM/PM, owing to the stability of human behavior models derived from the physical limitations of sleep, food, and recreation (i.e. the limited tools Rancid and Nightsong wield).

The game plays through one or two scenes at a time, depending on if Agents split up. Before moving on, events are “canonized” by the Handler into a single story, one that progresses to the next stage and the inevitable conclusion.

## <H2> Eternal Agendas

Rancid, Nightsong, and anyone else who looks through the Rending Eye transpose their minds across infinite loops. They are the sole variables in an unvarying “script” for the 2024 Dead Circus. The same 3-day history would play out without deviation – forever – were it not for the interventions of those *OPEN* to the eye.

Those [LOOKING INTO THE EYE](#) (see p.xx) are motivated by events that never occurred. Their actions take place in worlds where the behavior has no cause or explanation, stripped from context by a history that never happened. Rancid and Nightsong operate with knowledge they cannot have, using skills mastered beyond the degree of human apex. Witnessing these bizarre strings of coincidence, skill, and serendipity never ceases to be horrific, confusing, and surreal.

Stages are organized according to the steps of each immortal antagonist’s plan. To assist the Handler’s roleplaying, the larger strategy of each character is explained here.

### <H3>RANCID ROY’S GOALS

Rancid is interested in three things.

1. Any new experience
2. Sweet, sweet death
3. Figuring out Nightsong

*Rancid Roy shows people the Rending Eye because new experience is hard to come by.* Otherwise, nothing can surprise him anymore. Pain, bliss, melancholy – all the peaks of sensation dull to the emotional tenor of tying one’s shoes. His interactions with people at the Circus are now so engrained that complex strings of behaviors, precision timing, and genius social engineering are as autonomic as breathing. The only novelty in Rancid’s existence arises from showing other people the Rending Eye. Once someone is OPEN to the loop (p.xx), they become interesting again. Working to ensure more people stare into the artifact is his personality’s only remaining animus.

*Rancid Roy wants to destroy time.* Rancid isn’t using the artifact to recruit company; he’s staffing an apocalypse. The theory is that, if he can “speed-run” his three days and get a terminal mass of other people trapped in the loop, the crowd will either A) become so wise they discover a way to escape or B) overload the space-time continuum. Rancid is rooting for oblivion.

*Rancid Roy is obsessed with Nightsong.* His “celly” is one other being that can understand the pain, but he refuses to share it with his only equal. Nightsong is the only source of mystery remaining in Rancid’s life, and he drops everything on loops where there’s a chance to learn more about his eternal foe.

### <H3> NIGHTSONG’S GOALS

*Nightsong’s human body is possessed by a Yithian of the Great Race.* It has no name. It back/forward projects from futures/pasts simultaneously, operating uncountable versions of Nightsong’s body in every permutation of reality. While Rancid Roy must experience the three days in agonizing linearity, the vast intellect inside Nightsong views all timelines at once, not unlike controls on a switchboard. The creature is a sort of specialist temporal mechanic, examining a switchboard for a reactor in meltdown.

*The Yith wants to resolve this loop – something called a “Daolethic Cascade” – with minimal damage.* The Great Race has delicate manipulations underway in moments near July 15, 2024. Though aborting Napoleon Royston’s grandfather is certainly a possible solution, the Butterfly Effect would cost the Great Race wasteful recalculations, undoing numerous chronological engineering projects always underway.

*To minimize impact on the timeline, Nightsong wants to engineer an event where the loop eats itself.* Though Rancid does not know this, his explosion into Daoleth on July 18<sup>th</sup> only resets the clock because it consumes those who remain SHUT to the Eye. It is through the paths of these “fresh” histories that the Daoleth loops backwards, repeating the days like a stack overrun error on a computer. If Nightsong can ensure Rancid is alone for miles around when he “pops” –

killing no one save others infected by Daoleth – the Yithian causes the loop to implode, consuming itself out of existence.

Of course, the Yithian only gets *one* attempt. Rancid is certain to learn from any failure and adjust. Thus, Nightsong must enlist other entities to help execute its plans: some knowingly, some unknowingly.

## <H2> Looking Into The Eye

Delta Green uses dice and skills to determine the success of Agents in situations where failure is possible. Those who see through the Rending Eye *only* fail to escape. For everything else, success is a matter of mathematical certainty. If there is any possibility for success – given infinite time and unlimited attempts – success is *certain*. God does not play with dice.

This means that – once an Agent looks through the Rending Eye – they play a different game. Those who keep their eyes SHUT find themselves in the shifting, nonsensical horror that comes from witnessing the periphery of a war between immortals. Those OPEN operate by entirely different sets of rules.



## <H2> HANDOUT: SHUT

After the first Agent looks into the Rending Eye, ask that person to step away from the table or to mute headphones. Everyone else is now considered SHUT.

For everyone who did not look and remains SHUT, read the following:

*Your character suffers a mild form of amnesia from this moment forward, and it occurs between every scene. I will “retcon” certain moments from the game, changing previous chapters as we write new ones. People you remember killing might come back to life. You might die, but still play in the next scene. The story is going to stop making sense for you.*

*Here’s the rule: never notice anything strange about this, especially in front of [AGENTS THAT LOOK].*

*In every scene, you remember a version of events that makes the current situation seem perfectly natural. It is in your best interest to delude [AGENTS THAT LOOK] about these inconsistencies. If you ever want to point out some contradiction, roll **0/1d4 SAN**.*

*On a success, the Handler explains how your Agent remembers coming to this current situation. On a failure, lose **1d4 SAN**, and the Handler explains both ways your Agent remembers reaching the present moment.*

*If you want to cure this condition, LOOK INTO THE EYE.*

## <Side> Example SHUT Players

Agent Timms and Agent Fontana split off from their guide. They get caught by the Jester Cartel, a methamphetamine trafficking gang warned of their arrival by Rancid Roy. They fail their **Persuade** and **Unarmed** rolls to break free of their restraints. The scene ends when the gang's leader shoots both men dead.

Play shifts back to stagehand Kim Jeffers. She took one look through the Rending Eye, and now she's hunting after the strange man who put all this weird shit in her head. In the middle of the scene, the Handler describes Agent Timms and Agent Fontana stumbling into Jeffers as she navigates the crowds.

The player remembers dying, but Agent Timms does not want to make another SAN check. He plays along. "Any luck Jeffers? That gang lead was a bust. Their tent was empty." Agent Fontana's player -- in the midst of making another character -- asks "What? Wait, I thought we died?" The Handler asks Agent Fontana to roll **SAN**.

The roll fails. Agent Fontana remembers his partner's version of events: by the time they reached the Jester Cartel tent, it was abandoned. He *also* remembers being handcuffed around the central support of a big top tent, a pistol brandished in his face. He can still feel the strain of handcuffs on his wrist. The sound of Agent Timm's disappointed sigh in the empty tent replays in one ear, the gunshot through his eye cracks in the other. Interchangeably real.

Agent Fontana loses **1d4 SAN**. He could confess this bizarre sensation to his teammates. Tammy Jeffers can explain what is happening (see **DÉJÀ VU** p. xx), but there's no point. Fontana forgets it all on the next loop anyway.

xxx END BOX xxx

### <H3> SHUT PLAYERS

Handlers should use “retcons” to ensure the plans of Rancid and Nightsong always progress. While there are many timelines in which Agents “win,” the two antagonists do not allow them to come to pass. The original loopers engineer causality around obstacles placed by mortals, and the SHUT can only register circumstances of frustration and failure.

In order to contest Nightsong or Rancid, at least one Agent must OPEN to the Rending Eye (see below).

## <H2> HANDOUT: OPEN

After speaking to everyone else, call back the character looked through the Rending Eye. Make sure they experience **-1 SAN** and a few moments of lost consciousness. Then resume play normally.

The first time an OPEN character would fail a roll or mention inconsistency in the story, privately give them the following information.

*You are caught in a time loop. Ever since staring into the Rending Eye, you have lived the same three days on repeat. For eternity. You know so much about what's happening – your mind is so stuffed with every possible version of events – that strategic dementia is the only path to survive. The remains of your ego risk dissolution at every moment. A teacup overflowing, adrift in a sea of forever.*

*Your remaining **SAN** comes from a reversion to baseline, a reflexive performance of Self that adheres closely to the instincts of the long dead [YOUR NAME] of the first loop. As long as you behave as if unaware, the numbness of engrained performance keeps your **SAN** intact. Anything else risks recalling eternal recurrence and going mad.*

*But if you want to find a missed clue...*

*If you want to master a skill...*

*If you want to alter the story...*

*If you want to stop this and escape...*

*You already know everything you need to succeed. Just ask for **DEJA VU**. The Handler will ask you to roll **SAN** to see how much of your brain turns to mulch during the process.*

## <H2> Déjà vu

The player probably has a few questions after receiving **HANDOUT: OPEN**. The Handler should answer a few in good faith, but don't take too long. If they want to see how it works, remind the Agent already knows. Help them remember using **DÉJÀ VU**.

These powers utilize the unlimited knowledge and attempts of a time loop, accelerating the interminable montages of lonely training and experimentation. Here's how it works.

### <H3>LIGHT DÉJÀ VU

The OPEN Agent can do the following:

- Get Good: Succeed on any single roll, including the last roll failed.
- Read Time: Know impossible information (Handler's discretion on how complete the knowledge can be)

To use these powers, roll **SAN** against **1/1d10** Unnatural.

On a success, suffer **-1 SAN**. The cost allows the Agent to succeed or just *know* the information. There is no accessible memory of how the skill or knowledge was acquired.

On a failure, the Agents auto-succeeds the roll or learns the clue. The Handler recalls *how* the Agent became so preternaturally successful. This inflicts **-1d10 SAN**. If the Agent would suffer a temporary insanity, roll on the **Limit Generator p.xx**.

## <Side> Example Light Déjà Vu

Kim Jeffers is chasing the man that pickpocketed her phone. She rolls **Athletics** and fails. The Handler reminds Kim that she can use **Déjà Vu** to succeed.

Kim decides practicing to win a foot race is a waste of time. Why not just remember where the guy is headed and cut him off? The Handler asks Jeffers to roll **SAN**. The roll fails. Jeffers suffers **-6 SAN** loss.

The roll failed on a 67. The Handler describes the process of getting the cellphone back as taking 67 *years*. At first, Jeffers must learn to steal cars and hitch rides to Chicago, speedrunning to the library in her limited 46 hours of life. An education in speed reading, then another in engineering textbooks, telecommunications diagrams, and computer tutorials. The decades of doing the same experimentation to break into the servers of the telecom company serving Rockfall Cave. The search required to find the location where the cellphone pinged. The coordinates on Google Earth, repeated like a catechism in her mind.

The Handler tells Jeffers exactly where the pickpocket will stop and why. The thief was hired by Nightsong, trying to get her attention. He's been waiting for Jeffers to get the clue for a couple centuries now. After losing more than **5+ SAN** in a one hit, Jeffers suffers a *Temporary Insanity* (Agent's Handbook p. 68), which means a roll on the **Limit Generator** (p. xx). The Handler tells Jeffers to describe one way her mind broke during those 67 years.

Jeffers rolls 3, thinks for a moment, then tells the story of the first time she got bored enough to try burning herself alive. The Handler talks to the other Agents, describing what Jeffer's face looks like as she remembers the warmth and enters a short reverie.

### <H3>HEAVY DÉJÀ VU

The Agent can do the following:

- Retcon: If the Agent doesn't like what's happening, go back and rewrite the scene for everyone at the table.
- Master: Max out a skill to 100.
- Contest: Stop the efforts of Rancid or Nightsong.

The cost of Heavy Déjà vu is **-x1 POW** in **SAN**. If an OPEN Agent has POW 11, they lose **11 SAN** to use the ability. This damage can be mitigated by *erasing an entire Bond*. The SAN loss is reduced by the value of the bond.

If the user hits a Breaking Point this way, they roll on the **Hyperfixation Generator** on p.xx for their Disorder (*Agent's Handbook* p. 68).

## <Side> Example Heavy Déjà Vu

Kim Jeffers told Agent Fontana that he was an inanimate recording of a man, without memory or agency. Agent Fontana didn't take that well, suffered a temporary insanity, and shot Jeffers in the stomach.

Long bored by thoracic trauma, Jeffers asks to use Heavy Déjà Vu to retcon the scene. The Handler agrees and tells everyone at the table to rewind. It's back to the beginning, with the two characters talking in the car. Jeffers isn't shot, and Agent Fontana has his **SAN** back. If Fontana wants to remember shooting his Friendly *and* having a normal conversation, he can roll **1/1d4 SAN** for it (see [HANDOUT: SHUT](#)). If Jeffers wants to reword her confession -- seeing if Fontana rolls better **SAN** this time -- she can do so. She can also do anything else she wants, and already has.

Jeffers doesn't want to hit a breaking point, so she projects the costs of the retcon onto her wife. The Bond had a rating of 7, so Jeffers only suffers **-3 SAN** instead of 10 (Jeffers is POW 10). Jeffers can describe why the relationship died ("I know I'm never getting out, and I

can't bear the thought of loving her anymore") or the Handler can do it ("You've literally forgotten her face. You can't remember a time before the Circus").

## <H2> HANDOUT: Déjà vu

### Light Déjà vu

POWER		SAN Loss	Effect
<u>Get Good</u> : Succeed on any single roll, including rolls already failed.	R O L	<u>Success</u> : – 1 SAN	<u>Success</u> : The Agent succeeds the skill or just <i>knows</i> the information. There is no accessible memory of how the expertise was acquired.
<u>Read Time</u> : Remember impossible information  Handler’s discretion on how completely the knowledge can be recalled	L S A N	<u>Failure</u> : – 1d10 SAN	<u>Failure</u> : As above, but Handler recalls <i>how</i> the Agent became so preternaturally successful. If the Agent would suffer a temporary insanity, roll on the <b>Limit Generator p.xx</b> .

### Heavy Déjà vu

POWER		SAN Loss	Retcon and Master Effect
<u>Retcon</u> : If the Agent doesn’t like what’s happening, go back and rewrite the scene for everyone at the table.	S A N  C	– x1 POW in SAN  (POW 10 = - 10 SAN)	<u>Retcon and Master</u> : Effect occurs so long as cost is paid.  If the user hits a Breaking Point this way, roll on the <b>Hyperfixation Generator</b> on p.xx for their Disorder ( <i>Agent’s Handbook</i> p. 68).
<u>Master</u> : Max out a skill	O	<b>Projection</b>	<b>Contest Effect</b>
<u>Contest</u> : Stop the efforts of Rancid or Nightsong.	S T	Protect SAN equaling an <i>entire</i> Bond rating. Erase the Bond.  (“Husband 7” protects 7 SAN. Husband now forgotten.)	Make an opposed roll against Nightsong or Rancid. Winner cannot be <i>bested</i> in this stage.  If the user hits a Breaking Point this way, roll on the <b>Hyperfixation Generator</b> on p.xx for their Disorder ( <i>Agent’s Handbook</i> p. 68).



## <H2> Self-Replicating Madness

Those who keep their eyes SHUT suffer weird, dissociative memories: visions in the temporal wake of a trillion manipulations at once. The Handler should also call for **SAN** checks when witnessing any comrades who are OPEN to the Rending Eye. Imagine watching a roadie suddenly master neurosurgery. A retired, fat security guard wields his pistol with the grace of a CGI superhero. A 16 year-old with eyes like the cold marble of a statue, expression worn lifeless by time. This atmosphere of weirdness drives even the “normal” characters crazy, degrading their minds with the run-off from a war they cannot remember.

Meanwhile, the OPEN create their own doom. They must sacrifice portions of their soul to combat the threat. To ease the burden, they are incentivized to drag others to the Rending Eye, spreading the insanity in hopes of finding escape before their minds shatter. Every attempt to engage with Rancid or Nightsong threatens to consume what little remains and create another deathless, insane ghost.

## <H2> Stages

Events in the game are organized by parallel stages, split by [ETERNAL AGENDAS](#) (p.xx) rather than locations. Specific locales may be suggested for certain plans, but most places are interchangeable. The stages allow Handlers to focus on keeping Rancid/Nightsong’s plans reactive to players, with as many other aspects as possible left to the **GENERATORS**.

## <H2> Generators

Keeping track of time travel can be a lot of work, especially when the story rewrites itself according to the whims of Agents. To ease the load, most of the scenario’s settings, NPCs, and horrors are handled by random generators.

### <H3> LOCATIONS

A 2d10 generator, one for the liminal spaces found at all music festivals – such as parking lots, dirt roads, portable toilets – and one for the spaces unique to the Dead Circus.

### <H3> CIRCUS

1d10 creates a Loopy and suggestive quote to generate a random festival NPC. 1d10 generates the names of different musical acts. Encourage players to suggest their own.

### <H3> FRAGS

If Rancid secures the Rending Eye and starts adding more people to the loop, Frags now pop-up around the festival. These are odd hallucinations, visions, or inexplicable coincidences that provoke SAN rolls for those SHUT to the truth of the loop.

### <H3> LIMITS

Skills and knowledge mined from the ages come at cost. The OPEN must narrate a segment of their humanity sacrificed to immortality.

### <H3> HYPERFIXATIONS

The structure of a human mind cannot survive being erased and overwritten so many times. Hyperfixations are obsessions that lodge in the memories of the OPEN, distracting them from the singular purpose of escape.

# <H1> Briefings

The game starts with parallel plotlines. One introduces DG Agents to the case. The other familiarizes the LJG Friendlies with the setting for the next four days (maybe longer). Once the two groups unite, hell begins.

## <H2> Home Scenes

Handlers are encouraged to run Home Scenes, even for one-shots. The more time the table spends building a sense of normality, the more satisfying it is as the Rending Eye grinds it to dust.

## <H2> DG – Thursday AM: Minneapolis, MN

**BACKGROUNDS:** Agents may work for either the Program or Outlaws. Law enforcement backgrounds are prioritized, but this is an emergency. Delta Green might have to assign whoever is closest.

The Agents report to the police cordon outside a two-story mid-century modern located in Riverside Park, MN. Neighbors in robes stand together on the street, rubbernecking at the ambulance, squad cars, and black SUVs surrounding the home. The handler assigned to the case (known only to the Agents as an FBI official called “Quale”) escorts them through the tape. He tells police they are members of the same “task force” as Dr. Tarr and vital to ongoing federal investigation into his death.

Once out of earshot, Quale reveals that Dr. Feri Tarr was a person of interest to “the Group.” Shots were reported around 1 AM, and MPD called in an apparent suicide. Quale scrambled to claim federal authority over the case, feeding anyone who asks a bullshit line about Tarr’s

participation in a made-up advisory committee. Quale's already done some investigation of his own, but he wants to see what Agents can find on their own.

### <H3>VICTIM BACKGROUND

Quale knows that home's owner was Dr. Feri Tarr. The 67 year-old taught Pre-Indo European languages at Augsburg, and he apparently once served the conspiracy. If the Agents are Outlaws, Quale explains that he's been compartmentalized out of knowing what Tarr used to do. Considering the dangers of the Cowboy Years, it's likely no one alive knows.

If the Agents are from the Program, Feri Tarr had been on their radar since the Schism. They watched to ensure he didn't get up to his old extracurriculars, but they never caught the man contacting known Outlaws. They certainly don't know what he was up to in the old days.

As far as OSINT goes, Tarr had middling reviews as a teacher and academic. He was of Hungarian descent, but his research focused primarily on Hittite and Etruscan texts.

### <H3>THE SCENE

The door on the front porch is ajar, broken open a prybar. There's a doorbell cam and security cameras set up throughout the house, but no alarm system – as if the owner wanted security without the noise. On the floorboards of the open foyer, muddy footprints indicate recent, frenzied traffic in-and-out of the house. To the left of the entrance, the living room is tossed for anything valuable. The flatscreen was literally ripped from the mounting on the wall.

To the right sits an elaborate study lined with books and empty shadow boxes, shelves to display now-missing antiques. At the desk in the center of the room sits Dr. Feri Tarr, both barrels still hooked on his shattered lower jaw and his cold toes wrapped around the triggers. The ceiling fan above him wilts from where buckshot and brain matter erupted against it. Roll **0/1d4 SAN** against Violence.

A false door in the library shelves sits open behind the corpse. On the other side is a small, octagonal closet made entirely out of mirrors. It is worryingly empty.

A handwritten note – thoughtfully placed in a laminate page protector – sits in front of the dead man. The paper is signed Dr. Feri Tarr and matches other handwriting samples found around the home. It reads:

*"I'm sorry I could not contain it. DO NOT LOOK. Blindness is prevention. Prevention is cure."*

### <H3>FOOTAGE

Quale can show Agents the server that saves files from the house's cameras. There is no audio. The doorbell camera shows three men walk into frame around 11:30. All of them wear ski masks. They break into the home, the big one staying outside to keep watch and block the camera's view of the street. Their ride is not parked in frame.

Interior shots show two men ransacking the house. Aside from being Caucasian, the suspects' only identifying features are the jesters printed on black hoodies (roll **Anthropology** to recognize Loopy Jester Gang merch). While looting the study, one of the men pulls on a book and falls through the hidden door in the shelving. He comes back out dragging something that looks like a conical, brass tube mounted on a telescope tripod. His other hand carries an old leather briefcase. After what looks like an argument, the burglars take the contents of the secret room to the foyer and pile it with the rest of their loot. Five minutes later, they bundle the belongings out of the house and up the street, out of the shot.

Around 1:00 am, an Uber pulls up and drops off Dr. Feri Tarr. Upon seeing his front door open, the man abandons his rolling suitcase in the yard and rushes inside. He heads straight to the study, dropping to his knees when he sees the empty mirror room. Dr. Tarr looks directly into the Study's camera for a moment, haunted and forlorn. He then presses a button on his desk and the recording cuts out.

### <H3>TRACKING

If Agents don't think to use **Computer Science** to check the house's wifi, Quale mentions he's already had techs analyze the digital forensics. He wants the Agents to have context, but he can't wait all night to get them up to speed.

The burglars were smart enough to leave their cellphones at home during the heist, but not their burners. A device pinged Tarr's wifi during the robbery, an automated attempt to access local networks and save prepaid data limits. While there's no name associated with the prepaid cell, it has unique digital markers and it's still charged. The phone didn't have access Tarr's network, but the router recorded the signature. It's enough to track. Especially if you don't give a shit about telecom warrants.

The burglars are already out of state. Last tower that pinged the burner phone was off the highway in Wisconsin. They are headed South.

### <H3>MISSION

Delta Green has no idea what Dr. Feri Tarr was hiding. Considering the man's precautions and reaction to learning they had failed, Quale is *very* worried about the mystery artifact and suitcase. But the robbery itself was amateurish. It's unlikely the suspects have any idea what they carry. Delta Green wants to keep it that way.

*The Agents must find the burglars and retrieve anything held in the mirrored closet. As much as possible, they need to do the job themselves. While Delta Green might be able to put out a BOLO and have the car intercepted on the highway, it would just expose more ignorant police and civilians to an unnatural vector. The Agents must identify and retrieve the stolen artifact themselves.*

## <H2> LJG – Thursday AM: Rockfall Cave, IL

It's 7 AM on the day the Dead Circus opens the Rockfall Cave grounds. Loopies have been filling up every hotel and campground for 100 miles in the last week, staging their migration to the music festival. The unwitting Friendlies are among the hundreds of hungry employees, breakfasting at the craft services in the giant HQ tent. Some of them have been preparing for this moment for months.

### <H3>LJG BACKGROUNDS

The only requirements for Friendly characters on the LJG side of the game are as follows:

1. They know nothing about Delta Green or the unnatural.
2. Management trusts the character to undertake an important task for the Dead Circus (they don't have to be best for the job, but they must be a viable option).

Friendly characters can come from almost any background. Traditional Delta Green professions in the military and law enforcement are employed by the private security companies LJG hires. They aren't armed with anything besides walkie-talkies, but numerous veterans and ex-LEOs staff the event.

Harlequin Records is a million-dollar company that builds a functioning 30,000-person nomadic tent city every year. They employ EMTs, public health officials, lawyers, and advisors from demilitarized professions. For many careers, Loopy Jester Gang pays significantly better than public service.

Civilian occupations also work. Stagehands, engineers, electricians, truckers, musicians, artists, city planners – it takes hundreds of different occupations to administer such a complex enterprise. This operation could touch any one of these characters.

### <H3>BONUS SKILLS

If there's more than one Friendly working for LJG, have them meet at the breakfast briefing. Establish what they know of each other.

Friendlies working for LJG get one or two bonus skills.

- **50% Navigate [Dead Circus]:** The festival is its own animal. Pancake flat fields with sparse tree cover means the area provides few landmarks to navigate the dirt roads and tent cities. Then everyone starts moving around. Employees that helped build this anarchic space have the best luck navigating its tangled throngs of crowds.
- **(Optional) 50% Anthropology [LJG]:** Ask if the Friendly is a fan of Loopy Jester Gang. If they are, they get this skill.

### <H3> MARGE AND TWIGGY

Marge Stillwell is Twiggy Tag-Out's aunt on his mother's side. She's 63 YOA. She took over as manager of the Dead Circus in 2005, inheriting the job from her son – Rusty – after his death from an overdose.

Marge is a no-nonsense woman. She shows off her cellulite armfat and faded tattoos with a sleeveless metal t-shirt faded into illegibility. Her grey hair is tied in a bun under an LIG bandanna. She forever carries a thick clipboard of paper notes, banana-clipped to an I-pad/radio dock on the other side. Marge has been known to make ex-con's cry using nothing but words, and she briefly went viral with C-Span footage of her *colorful* testimony before Congress during the Loopy march on D.C.

Auntie Stillwell's authority in matters of the Dead Circus is absolute. Her Type-A personality is a big reason LIG has accrued a small dynastic fortune over the last three decades. Every contractor and service vendor answers to Marge directly. When she grabs the mic and tells the workers to "shut the fuck up," hundreds of felons, combat veterans, teamsters, healthcare professionals, and carnycore rappers in the crowd fall silent.

Marge isn't much for speeches, but she wants everyone on the same page before this shitshow starts...

- This entire compound is private property owned by Wayne Rollins. Police are not allowed inside. You see a cop, they better be on their way to HQ or escorted by someone from HQ.
- We do not want a repeat of 2018. It was funny when the crowd repelled a Sheriff's raid with thrown batteries and human feces, but it was a pain in the ass in the courts. Some attendees may commit crimes that private security cannot handle. LIG begrudgingly allows authorities inside to deal with such cases. But do *not* let the law run around harassing attendees. Send legal concerns direct to Marge.
- The port-o-potties in lavatory block 3 are leaking. Shut down until we absolutely need the capacity. Otherwise, we're going to have a shit pit like 2014.

Her "inspirational" speech delivered, Marge hands the mic over to her nephew, Twiggy Tag-out.

The rapper is already in his jester make-up. He's also in a Robin's Egg golf polo, cargo shorts, and sandals-with-socks. He's 55 and already high, slurring through an incomprehensible address whose only legible words are "family" "respect" and "fucking." When he tells everyone to yell "Loop Loop," the crowd at least knows when to clap. Then it's time to get to work

### <H3> ASSIGNMENTS

Only one road leads to the festival grounds, and people tend to park their vehicles wherever they please. This means everyone works intake on Day One. If that entrance road slows down,

they're going to have a repeat of 2011: the National Guard had to be called in to clear the highway.

Now that the Friendlies know each other, ask where each of them is going to work the first day of the festival. They have three options:

1. **Security (p.XX)**: Though typically handled by private security staff, the troubleshooters deputize volunteers on Day One to direct traffic and run errands.
2. **Guest Services (p. XX)**: Taking tickets, distributing badges, and giving vehicles directions to reserved parking.
3. **Medical (p.XX)**: First responders for the variety of dehydrations, overdoses, fights, and accidents that plague any music festival.

## <H2> DG – Thursday PM: Shopiere, WI

By the time Quale gets Agents the tracking information for the phone, it's already Minneapolis rush hour. DG could requisition a copter, but that's suspicious, expensive, and ineffective if suspects drop their loot along the route. The Agents are ordered to pursue by car.

It's nearly 5 hours from Minneapolis to Shopiere, a small town on the southern border of WI. Agents are gaining on the suspects, but the cell signal stopped there for nearly an hour. Ask the Agents what they talk about as they drive. Who controls the radio? What do they listen to?

When Agents arrive, the address is for Mike's Miscellaneous Pawn. It's the only remaining open business in a diseased, abandoned strip mall on the outskirts of town.

### <H3>PAWN TICKET

Pawnshops are no stranger to having goods seized by law enforcement. Mike, the elderly owner of the shop, knew he was taking a risk when he let those tweakers sell their shit, but he couldn't have known for certain it was stolen. The owner confesses to buying a lot of stuff off the three suspects that afternoon, but only if the Agents have some sort of law enforcement background. It takes a **Persuade** to get a look at the loot without credentials, and Mike doesn't agree to give up anything valuable to civilians.

The spiral, brass tube is nowhere to be found. Mike told them he couldn't sell it: "telescopes only work if they are *straight*, dummy." He offered to buy the brass for scrap, but they turned him down. Agents can roll **Accounting** to determine that – between the technology, antiques, and jewellery – Mike bought about \$30k of stolen goods. He paid the three men a little more than \$9k for the lot.

They also tried to pawn some busted-ass suitcase full of papers. Mike wanted nothing to do with it, but they forgot it beneath his desk as they tried to haul their stupid telescope out the

front door. He doesn't give a shit who takes the valise; he was planning to throw it out (see [Notes on the Declaration of Ma'at](#) on p.xx)

### <H3>PERP IDENTIFICATION

Mike doesn't mind showing anybody security camera footage of the three customers. If the Agents have LEO powers, he gives them copies reluctantly. If they are just curious, he doesn't mind gossiping. He's old, bored, and unlikely to ever see those guys again.

The footage is clear. Access to any criminal database or facial recognition software identifies [The Suspects](#) (see p.xx). There's no audio of the negotiation over the goods, but it's clear that the one with the face tats (Nightsong) is in charge. The onion-head guy (Rancid) seems to defer to his buddy's judgement. The fat kid (Huey) doesn't seem all there, wandering around bored during the exchange, playing with toys and instruments hung about the walls.

Mike's version of events is confirmed. They sell most everything except the weird artifact and the briefcase. The three struggle getting the cumbersome thing back out the front door and forget the briefcase in the process. Footage from the parking lot catches the licence plate on the UHaul the suspect's drive. It has a mantis shrimp painted on the side.

### <H3>NOTES ON THE DECLARATION OF MA'AT

*Languages:* a mix of Egyptian hieroglyphics, Greek, and Hungarian. *Study time:* weeks. *Cost:* 0/1d4 SAN, +5 Occult, +1 Unnatural.

Without training in any of the languages, the "text" is a disorganized briefcase full of post-its, half-used legal pads, photocopies, and vellum scraps preserved in laminate. Agents with any of the required language skills can roll to summarize the content during the car ride. On a success, they gather that the texts concern something called "the Rending Eye." This device seems to be a tool for "gazing into Ma'at," a great god that ancients relied upon "to make perfect war against the taint from the waves." The origins of these half-translated texts are never questioned or recorded by any of the half-dozen anonymous scholars in the marginalia.

### <H3>BAD NEWS

After finishing up at Mike's Miscellaneous Pawn, the cell signal continues south. Agents can study the documents and surveillance video in the car, trying to reduce the suspects' lead. En route, the phone gives one last ping in a rural town called Rockfall Cave, IL. The census records less than 200 residents. Perfect for keeping this quiet....

When Agents google the town *and* the date, inform them of the bad news.



## <H2> LJG – Thursday PM: Rockfall Cave, IL

At the Dead Circus, the LJG Friendlies unwittingly encounter the suspects in their final moments of mortality.

### <H3>SECURITY

Anyone working security during the intake gets a call direct from Marge. Wayne Rollins – the owner of the land upon which the Circus sits – called for assistance. One of the attendants is trespassing on the residence, and he’s pissed. Marge needs the Friendly to grab a golf cart, drive over there, and escort the Loopy off their benefactor’s property. Now.

Rollins is 95 years-old and attached to an oxygen pump at all hours of the day. The old man sits in a motorized scooter next to his nurse, parked at the end of his ranch home’s long gravel driveway. A man in a leather vest with a skull tattooed across his face tries to speak to the couple as the Friendly arrives. Rollins is screaming barely intelligible invective at the intruder, ranting about “violation of the contract” and “goddamn hippies.” Meanwhile, the tattooed man keeps saying: “I need to speak to you, Mr. Rollins. We must speak. Mr. Rollins....”

Once someone from security arrives, Rollins tells the Friendly to “get him sober and off my land!” Then, he and his nurse motor back towards the house. The trespasser does not stop trying to get Mr. Rollin’s attention, but his ID is in the back pocket of his jeans: Andy “Nightsong” Nye.

Oddly, the man does not stop shouting for Mr. Rollins, even if Friendlies take his wallet (it contains a little over \$3K in large bills). Once forced to acknowledge a Friendly, Nightsong’s face jolts with a sudden recognition. He then says, all in one breath....

*premature variable causal entropy breech chronocuele threshold model collapse intervention inefficient record/recuse linear frag*

Roll 0/1 **SAN** as Nightsong’s face goes slack and sags, drool dripping from one tattooed lip. On a failure, the Friendly is certain the man is suffering a massive stroke, but before his body can sag and drop, the moment passes. Andy Nye stands confused in front of the Friendly, having blacked out and dreamt of ... *something* (was it a library?). He lost time on his way to the Bazaar (**Generator: Locations - Place 1** p.xx).

Mr. Nye is happy to leave. He claims to have had too much and blacked out. He gets like that high. A ride back to camp would be great; he knows festival security don’t have arrest powers. As far as the trespassing goes, he claims to have gotten lost looking for the toilets. Roll **HUMINT** to recognize the fear behind the façade. Nightsong has no idea how he got way out here.

(**HANDLER**: The Yith abandons Rollins as an intervention and swims downstream in time. Nightsong will be taken, again and again, at more pivotal fulcrums of causality.)

### <H3>GUEST SERVICES

Thousands of people need to check in, pay fees, get badges, and follow directions to campgrounds across the miles of scarcely marked lots and dirt paths. Day One is a retail nightmare. Make a **0/1 SAN** roll against Helplessness as hundreds of excited, drunk, tired, and cranky fans wait in lines by the hundreds.

Eventually, a Friendly is called over the radio to deal with a customer at the recreational vehicle line. Once there, they meet Naponleon “Rancid Roy” Royston. Rancid (to his friends) has recently purchased a used 1995 M-28T Bounder Motorhome. He’s trying to upgrade the wristbands for him, his buddy, and his nephew. He wants VIP Platinum Access, which comes with an RV plot, septic hookup, and a 5-minute autograph meet-up with LIG on Sunday.

The man is very excited about his new RV, keen to share that “his nephew got a condition and can’t sleep in no Uhaul no more.” He’s happy to pay the exorbitant fee to upgrade their tickets, and he even throws in a generous cash tip if the Friendly makes the process easy. The only available space for another RV in the campgrounds is **Lot J22** on p.xx (down near where they fenced off last year to stop people bathing in the creek).

**(HANDLER:** Royston is animated, good-hearted, and dumb. The point is to convey what he used to be, contrasting his personality to the cursed god set to be born).

### <H3>MEDICAL

Harlequin Records pays professional EMTs and emergency doctors *very* well to staff the four-day festival, but the heat, crowds, and rampant drug use make casualties inevitable. Veteran first responders refer to Thursday as “Amateur Night.” They take extra help from anyone that can carry a stretcher or push a wheelchair.

Rowen “Huey” Hewitt is one of the medical tent’s first customers. He’s driven in on an ATV dragging a trailer, sitting upright next to the EMTs and complaining of shortness of breath. When the Friendly has time to see him, “Huey” is apologetic and a little scared. He gaspingly admits to trying some weed, even though his mom said not to anymore. But he’s got some heart thing and a few tokes really mess him up.

Roll **First Aid** or **Medicine** at -20%. On a success, the Friendly hears the arrhythmia in Hewitt’s heart. While his vitals are stabilizing, the young man doesn’t need to be doing drugs, exerting himself, or sleeping in a car. It’s impossible to diagnosis in a medical tent, but he has some sort of serious cardiovascular condition.

If the roll fails, well...nobody ever died from weed. He’ll be fine.

Huey does not remember the name of his “heart thing,” nor does he know the names of his medications. Uncle Roy has Mom’s notes on all that stuff, but he ran off “to buy them a surprise,” then Mr. Nightsong left to run errands.

Huey really only needs some attention and time to cool down. If someone can talk to him about Loopy Jester Gang, he feels right at home and his pulse normalizes faster. Eventually, his BP stabilizes. The Friendly is ordered to send him back to his camp. Medical need the beds before this evening, when the party *really* starts....

**(HANDLER:** Establish the relationship dynamic. Royston cares for and spoils his nephew, albeit irresponsibly. Nightsong abandoned Huey the second his buddy wasn’t around. Make special note of where Huey was found and returned to after treatment: **Lot J22**).

# <H1>Infinite Stages

The Agents meet the Friendlies and learn the location of the suspects.

At this point, Agents lose the power to affect the plot unless they OPEN themselves to the Rending Eye (p.xx). Those that remain SHUT (p.xx) begin a bizarre, inexplicable chain of events. The logic informing the next three days lies beyond their full understanding.

## <H2> Midnight - The Meeting

Agents arrive at Rockfall Cave. Cell coverage and connectivity is sparse: the bandwidth of the area infrastructure overburned by thousands of times normal usage. There’s no way to track the suspects electronically within the nomadic city of the Dead Circus, and it takes hours to find parking, even with a siren. It would take a hundred of federal employees multiple days to search the grounds and a week to recruit for such an operation. The only hope to find the suspects is cooperation with LJG event staff.

The LJG Friendlies get called in before right before their grueling shifts are set to end. Marge needs their help down at HQ. They find her waiting in an office chair in front of a bank of charging walking talkies, massaging her swollen feet with her boots off. She introduces the Friendlies to the Agents. Then she asks the outsiders to explain what this is all about.

Let the Agents come up with their own lies. Marge is happy to cooperate if the Agents claim to be after violent offenders or predators that might hurt the Circus. She laughs if they’re chasing some petty drug or property crime. Ultimately, Marge wants assurances that Feds are going to let her staff take the lead. It’s okay to make the festival a safer place – quietly – but if cops

stomp around like Gestapo, Marge warns: “Act like a hall monitor out there and there won’t be shit any of us can do to stop that crowd. You could find yourself a long way from home.”

The Friendlies are meant to help locate the suspects so Agents can do their jobs. Marge informs her employees to keep an eye on the outsiders. Help them find what they need, get them the fuck off the property, and report everything they do. She provides two golf carts to navigate the crowds. It’s faster than navigating a car through the crowds.

### <H3>Lot J22

Once the Agents identify the suspects, Friendlies working any station during the morning can find the location. Nightsong walked or rode back to Lot J22. Rancid Roy purchased an RV hook-up at Lot J22. Huey reported his camp site as Lot J22 when he left the medical tent.

Now the Friendlies have to get the Agents over there...through the pop-up concerts, amateur wrestling, fire breathing, raves, and orgies now taking place all over the Circus.

## <H2> Navigating the Circus

Getting across Rockfall Cave is an important skill. In time travel, arriving first is everything.

Staff Friendlies have an advantage with **Navigate [Dead Circus]** and **Anthropology [UG]** skills. Agents default to their **Navigate** and **Anthropology** skills at -20%. Roll **Navigate** to get somewhere quickly or in time. Roll **Anthropology** to get a clue as to where something is likely to occur. Though no one opposes the players yet, let one of the Friendlies roll to get across the grounds and demonstrate the mechanic for moving through the chaotic space.

On a success, describe the one place and one liminal from the **Location** generator (see p.xx). On a failure, add third and delay with a suboptimal route. The entire time, encourage the Friendlies to ask questions and talk to the Agents. They may come from conflicting backgrounds, and both sides have numerous reasons to lie. Let the drama build on the slow crawl towards **Lot J22**.

## <H2> Lot J22 - The Rending

There’s a lot going on when Agents arrive.

- The Bounder Motorhome is parked with its door ajar, three rows back from the access path in the RV parking area. The lights are on, but it’s not clear if anyone is inside. Anyone going to check has to venture deep into the stacked rows of RVs.
- If Agents ask around, neighboring campsites saw the suspects messing around with some weird telescope near the creek. For those that climb atop a UHaul, RV, or other vantage point, they see the device set up in a clear spot, near the razor wire fence

separating the campgrounds from the water. A large male lies still on the grass next to the tripod.

- After Agents park, Marge calls on the radio with an update. The nearest medical tent reports that Napoleon Royston is currently unconscious and checked in for examination. He showed about ten minutes ago to the station in lot J18, and they just found his wallet. They are unsure what's wrong with him, but he's stable.

(**HANDLER:** The goal is to separate the group with multiple, urgent needs. Splitting up provides the immortals multiple opportunities to turn Agents towards competing agendas)

## <Side>Handling Temporal Immutability

Rancid and Nightsong win any conflict imaginable against NPCs. If an Agent opposing them is SHUT, the pair retcon their failures out of existence (see [SHUT PLAYERS](#) p.xx). The Agents may stop one of them - under certain circumstances -- but the SHUT soon find their memories and history rewritten into a timeline where Rancid/Nightsong never failed.

It can be tedious to replay every scene while the gods toy with the SHUT. Handlers should skip to the end whenever Rancid or Nightsong interact with SHUT Agents. For example....

--If Rancid is to be shot: , he isn't. That one is a blank. He planted it in the gun, earlier this loop.

--If Agents find Nightsong to scary-looking to be persuasive, he rattles of intimate personal details from the past and future of a Bond. He has read the entire character sheet. There is no information that cannot be mined from time.

--An Agent gives in to pressure and agrees to look into the Rending Eye, but they currently do not know where to find it. Rancid shows up with the artifact mere seconds later, as if summoned by a wish.

--The Agents chase Nightsong and win an **Athletics** roll to overtake his perfectly synchronized route through the cars. They catch up just in time to watch him turn and mouth the word "*look*." Then a truck runs him over. He will try again.

If there is *any* possibility that Nightsong and Rancid succeed, that's the only moment allowed to pass. When OPEN Agents *contest* the antagonists, the balance tips. The only way to stop the antagonist is to use [DÉJÀ VU](#) (see p.xx). Rancid and Nightsong's success become an opposed roll instead of a certainty.

While using the OPEN Agents to fight is the only way out of the loop, the SHUT face more danger through cooperation. Visions of erased timelines haunt the presence of walking time paradoxes, even allied ones. SHUT Agents might resurrect from failures on the next loop, but each copy degrades under the indescribable psychic pressure of feeling already dead.

### <H3>"SAVING" HUEY

Huey dies of a heart attack. That is his entire existence.

He awakes after having looked through the Rending Eye. He tries to name the stars in the sky above him – the Saggittarius Teapot, the lambda and Upsilon Scorpii of Scorpius – but it never distracts from the pain. He suffers tachycardia at 139 BPM and rising. With Roy's interventions, the maximum length of his survival is 43 minutes 5 seconds. These eventualities involve some variation of open-heart surgery without anesthetic. Huey prefers the 9 min 57 seconds loops where no one intervenes. When he can be alone with the night sky, the numbers, and his agony.

But then it starts again.

*No skill can save Huey.* He's destined to die: the resources to save him don't exist within range of his spawn point. The Rending Eye is set up right next to this endless torture.

If Agents stop securing the artifact long enough to help Huey, he recites every word back to them. He anticipates their speech with perfect timing and cadence, even sometimes stepping on their lines as he gasps through pain. Asked a question, he answers through gritted teeth – using the same monotone as the rest of his agonized prayers – then goes back to mimicking the Agent's own response. Conversations are scripts, then mantras, then prayers. **0/1 SAN** against Unnatural.

If an Agent helps with [Rancid's Mercy](#) (see below) and inject Huey, he dies staring at his killer with blissful gratitude. This causes **0/1d4 SAN** against Violence. The administered morphine overdose is the sole "cure." The needle comes to Huey like an angel, providing a brief respite of oblivion in an eternity of pain. The Agent is the closest thing he has left to a god.

### <H3>RANCID'S MERCY

Rancid finds an isolated, individual Agent. If they split up and went to find him at the medical tent, he meets them in the middle of his escape. He wearing only underwear (a common sight at the circus). IV tape hangs off his arms, and he's carrying a large syringe full of...something.

When he first reveals himself, Agents can't help but notice how paradoxically disarming Rancid Roy seems, despite the appearance. It's as if his every movement and word is *too* rehearsed. If it's a Friendly that met Royston previously, this bizarre transformation cause **0/1 SAN** against Unnatural.

*Rancid needs the Agent to take this syringe and inject Huey.* His nephew is dying by the creek right now, and the medicine is the only thing that can save him. If the Agent has questions, Rancid has answers. In fact, he makes the most persuasive argument available, as quickly as

possible. He knows everything about Huey's condition and the Agent he's trying to convince. He can appeal to any motivation or threaten any Bond. He even knows about Delta Green (he tried to steal the PUZZLEBOX files for couple centuries, but he can't source them in three days).

If his audience doesn't agree to help or tries to stop Rancid, the immortal accepts defeat. There is no timeline in which he can save Huey, and there is no way to offer his nephew relief without sacrificing most of his existence to police custody or getting shot. If Rancid can't escape his last failed attempt to convince someone to administer the shot, he jumpstarts his next loop by taking the syringe and jamming it in his own neck, killing himself (**1/1d6 SAN** against Violence).

### <H3>NIGHTSONG'S PLEA

Nightsong prefers approaching isolated Agents, but he speaks to groups if he must.

Andy Nye's dress and tattoos are designed to be as intimidating as possible. If anyone met Nightsong earlier, it causes **0/1 SAN** against Unnatural to see the man move with uncanny, disinterested efficiency. It's like all the personality suggested by his appearance has been erased and replaced with some sort of drone.

Nightsong gets straight to the point: *"The Daoleth Cascade immanentizes. This model approaches dissolution. Additional variables needed to correct the set. [AGENT NAME(S)] must look into the Rending Eye. It is the only salvation."*

Much like Rancid, Nightsong can answer any question the Agents might ask. He knows everything about them, and he's tried to convince them to stare into the Rending Eye many, *many* times. Nightsong never reveals his origins or ultimate agenda, but he's quite frank about the need for cooperation. If Agents don't look through the device, they remain puppets in a conflict that threatens to wipe out humanity.

If Agents try to stop Nightsong, he resists with his 99+ in every skill. If caught, the Yithian abandons this timeline, logs the experiment, and continues the work in more fruitful continuity (see [HANDLING TEMPORAL IMMUTABILITY](#) p.xx)

## <Side>Snapshot

If any Agent looks through the Rending Eye, Handler's should note exactly what is going on around when the character regains consciousness. Return to descriptions of this scene often, as it's now the moment the OPEN Agent wakes up during every loop.

Remember to separate the group by the [OPEN](#) and [SHUT](#), explaining the handouts as necessary (p.xx and p.xx).

xxx END BOX xxx

# <H1>FRIDAY

Agents have likely reacquired the Rending Eye. They might also be dealing with 1-3 corpses. Play out the early morning aftermath normally. Call in Quale. He's on the way with a tactical team. Agents can lock down and turn in the artifact. Allow them to feel like they've stopped – if not understood – the threat. Let the LJG Friendlies go through debrief and try to understand what they just witnessed.

Don't worry. Everything will be over soon.

## <H2> Rancid - AM Fri

Festival security reports a sighting of Rancid on the Dead Circus radio (use the [LOCATIONS](#) p.xx). An attendee reported someone stealing spray paint from his truck. When the person provided a description, the onion-dreads guy from the alert Marge sent out was described. The guy reporting the theft identified a picture of Rancid Roy. He claims the dude is huffing paint in the back of a UHaul. It's got a mantis shrimp painted on the side.

If Rancid is supposed to be dead or locked up somewhere...he isn't. He never was. Roll **1/1d4 SAN** if Agents question the change. NPCs think they sound crazy if they bring up the different circumstances. Everyone remembers the guy getting away. Give everyone a taste of what it's like to be SHUT (see [HANDOUT: SHUT](#) on p.xx)

### <H3>PLOT

Agents find the UHaul abandoned. The back interior is painted in graffiti with pen, paint, glue, paper, and human feces. Multiple maps of the fairgrounds are recreated on the walls. Points have names and bizarre dossiers bulleted beneath them: phone numbers, bank accounts, favorite foods, pet names, etc. The text is written in no less than six different languages, cross referenced with lines of red spray paint and tape. The insane scope of 3D infographic is distressing already, then the Agents see their own name, the exact time, and the tag "finds truck" (**0/1d4 SAN**).

If an Agent makes an **INT x 5** roll, they recognize the diagrams as some sort of idiosyncratic notation for social engineering. If an Agent uses the "Read Time" power (see [HANDOUT: DÉJÀ VU](#) on p.xx), they realize that Rancid's brain cannot hold the constant flow of information it must process. He starts every loop with a few hours correlating the contents of his own mind,



focusing this loop and “programming” his three days in advance. He’s done this every three days for millions of years.

### <H3>UNSTOPPABLE

This is the earliest possible moment for Agents to learn about [DÉJÀ VU](#) (p.xx). There’s no way to stop this preparatory phase of Rancid’s plan, though he can be frustrated in any other stage by those OPEN to the loop.

## <H2> Nightsong - AM Fri

Nightsong comes back to solicit Agents for help again. He informs the Agents they must meet him as soon as possible. It doesn’t matter how protected or secret the contact information may be. Nightsong knows the number, the password, or the place necessary to make contact. Roll on the **Location Generator** for a spot.

If Nightsong was already killed or captured: no, he wasn’t. It didn’t happen that way. Roll **1/1d4 SAN** if Agents question the change. Everyone else remembers the guy getting away. NPCs think Agents sound crazy if they bring up the different circumstances. Give everyone a taste of what it’s like to be **SHUT** (see [HANDOUT: SHUT](#) on p.xx)

### <H3>ABSORB

Rancid is wearing a face mask and hat, hiding his most aggressive tattoos, He’s set up near a walking intersection behind a fold-out card table. It’s covered in black discs, shoddy wiring, and cellphones. Nightsong wears a handmade placard that reads “FREE PHONE CHARGING.” A pair of car batteries hums beneath him, wired into the table’s chargers and some sort of chemical solution suspended in a plastic soda bottle.

Roll **Computer Science**, **SIGINT**, or an appropriate **Craft** skill. On a success, the Agent realizes the charger works impossibly fast. Regardless of make or model, devices go from 1% to 100% in the blink of an eye. The entire table should be engulfed in a lithium fire, but the phones screens merely freeze, charge wirelessly in a blink, and return to normal. Bystanders using the service are suitably impressed and grateful.

If OPEN Agents use the [“read time”](#) power (p.xx), they remember a few hundred different places around the Dead Circus where Nightsong sets up this scam. Using technology no one has been able to reverse engineer, he downloads a complete digital history of each device placed on his “charger,” somehow storing terabytes of data in a chemical matrix brewed inside old soda bottles. He buries them around the grounds.

While serving his customers, Nightsong reiterates his plea for the Agents to look into the Rending Eye. Again, any and every rhetorical device remains available, but Nightsong’s directs most of his persuasion to OPEN Agents. He explains the gravity of their situation and warns of

the effects of too many loops on their psyches. Nightsong rightfully points out that – if Agents do not spread the burden of this task – Rancid Roy's will overwhelm those trying to prevent collapse.

### <H3>IRRELEVANT

This is the last attempt Nightsong makes to OPEN the Agents. Stopping him is as easy as saying no. Later in the timeline, Nightsong's attention must focus on arranging the Daoleth Cascade's destruction (see ETERNAL AGENDAS on p. XX). Later, OPEN Agents can contest his plans and force him to Plan B (see sidebar).

## <Side>Plan B's

OPEN Agents can beat Rancid and Nightsong using the contest power of [DÉJÀ VU](#) (p.xx). Winning these opposed rolls "contests" a stage by exerting centuries of effort to block the plans of other immortals. But even across the small scope of three days, a time war cannot be won. Victory and defeat are only delays.

From this point forward -- if an Agent stops Rancid or Nightsong using DÉJÀ VU -- the antagonist switches to "Plan B" of the next stage. If Plan B fails in the next scene, move to "Plan B" for the next stage. "Plan B" is a general term for the manipulations that attempt to correct an antagonist's agenda. "Winning" is about frustrating one inevitability over the other, tipping the balance to one form of escape. Agents might not be on the same side of this fight.

xxx END BOX xxx

## <H2> Rancid - PM Fri

Rancid knows the location of wherever Agents stashed the Rending Eye. If they gave it to Quale, Roy already knows how to steal it back. Every plan requires a labor force of patsies to distract Nightsong, the Agents, and anyone else trying to stop him.

### <H3>DISTRACT

The best unwitting servants to Rancid's plans are called Jester Cartel. This gang of methamphetamine traffickers - numbering around twenty – is the closest thing to the “loosely organized hybrid gang” warned about in FBI intel on the Loopy Jester Gang. All of them are at the Dead Circus to do business first and party second. Many are armed.

Rancid can motivate nearly any behavior from Jester Cartel members using any form of communication. He knows all their phone numbers. Texted secrets, lies from spoofed acquaintances, impossible information – Jester Cartel members can be convinced to delay,

harass, or outright kidnap the Agents if Rancid has access to so much as a cellphone. The longterm goal of this tactic is to distract Agents long enough for Rancid to steal back the Rending Eye.

Of course, if any OPEN Agents want to help him, he would love to have their help retrieving the Rending Eye.

### <H3>PLAN B

If OPEN Agents contest Rancid's plan (see [HEAVY DÉJÀ VU](#) on p.xx), it requires cutting him off from communication. This could be as simple as killing him in a million different variations. It could be a complex series of manipulations that eliminates cell coverage across the whole park, or a perfectly rehearsed rhetorical appeal to convince Jester Cartel that someone is using them.

If the OPEN contest Rancid's manipulation of the gang, he moves to Plan B in the next stage.

## <H2> Nightsong - PM Fri

Nightsong has called its shot. There's a narrow window of causal arrangement leading away from catastrophe, but ending the cascade is a multistage process. Accessing certain information risks Rancid learning about Nightsong's plans. Certain intel has been gathered by Yithians outside the three day clot in time, and Nightsong must deploy these secret strategies in a single, surprise iteration of the loop.

### <H3>ELIMINATE

There is a young man named Jesse Capullo. He cannot, under any circumstances, leave his current location (roll on the [LOCATION GENERATOR](#) p.xx). If working alone and uncontested, Nightsong kills him and makes it look like an accident. If the OPEN Agents or others can be convinced to help, he orders them to stop Capullo. If Rancid must content with a second infinite adversary, it obscures Nightsong's manipulations.

Nightsong doesn't prefer one method over another, but Jesse Capullo cannot leave his current location until Saturday morning.

### <H3>PLAN B

If Agents stop Nightsong, Jennifer "Cricket" Peterson meets her soulmate the following day, complicating the plan and forcing the Yith to timelines towards Plan B.

# <H1>SATURDAY

The Dead Circus is heating up. There was the typical madness of Thursday night, followed by the bizarre, fucked vibes of Friday. The music is good, but the air this year seems...pregnant. The real big headliners go on stage today. There's no shortage of activities scheduled, but the crowds seem listless and on edge all the same.

## <H2> Rancid - AM Sat

Rancid Roy finishes interrogating a screaming Agent Quale in one version of reality. He knows the location of the Rending Eye now and, therefore, always has. As the bound man weeps, Rancid tells him it will be okay, then shoots himself in the head with his prisoner's service weapon.

Saturday is the soonest moment he can steal back the Rending Eye. Then he starts inviting more people to the party.

### <H3>STEAL

If Agents did not stop Rancid's attempt to [DISTRACT](#) (p.xx), it triggers now. Jester Cartel gets into a gunfight with themselves. Or a massive fire starts amongst one of the tent blocks. Or someone attempts to assassinate one of the artist's during a concert. Whatever the scheme, it goes off while the Agents are nearby and likely to get trapped in the chaos. While they deal with the fallout, Rancid steals the Rending Eye from whomever guards it using his powers.

If Agents trust Rancid's plan, they are the perfect tools to steal the Rending Eye for him. If they want to stop him, they must use DÉJÀ VU to keep him from acquiring the artifact.

### <H3>PLAN B

If Rancid does not have the Jester Cartel to help him – or if the OPEN stop them – he goes on stage at the venue nearest a DG Agent and reveals everything about their life over the microphone. A no-shit powerpoint plays on the projector behind him, displaying a number of photoshopped images of the Agent and their Bonds in compromising positions. The talk of Delta Green makes people scoff and yell for Rancid to get off the stage. The portion where he lies about what DG does with all those children it kidnaps gets the crowd's attention.

If the mass incitement fails to kill the Agents, who cares? Rancid's real goal is to call Handler Quale to the Dead Circus as reinforcements, if he's not en route already. He brings the Rending Eye along with an FBI Special Tactics team to guard it, unsure if the artifact is necessary to stop whatever is going on. That gives Rancid another shot at the telescope.

The only way to prevent this Plan B is to use **DÉJÀ VU**, intercepting Rancid before he goes on stage. Failure, of course, deviates Rancid to his next Plan B.

## <H2> Nightsong - AM Sat

There is a woman named Jennifer Peterson, but she goes by Cricket. She's 6'3", a fan of anime, and a life-long Loopette. Nightsong needs to intervene in her life on Saturday morning at (roll [LOCATION](#) p.xx), before she goes to see (Roll [CIRCUS MUSICAL ACT](#) p.xx). She has a friend, Dendra Hickham, that is fiercely loyal. Dendra must be neutralized, and Cricket must be convinced to meet Nightsong later that afternoon.

### <H3>MATCHMAKER

Left to his own devices, Nightsong sneaks up to Dendra in the crowd and whispers a secret so foul that Dendra Hickham suffers a mental breakdown on the spot. As Cricket tries to get her screaming, sobbing friend some help, Nightsong disappears into a throng of people. An EMT, given a misprinted festival map earlier, arrives to take Dendra to the aid station. He unwittingly gives the faulty document to Cricket when she asks where she can find her friend. The location is where Nightsong needs her to be.

The Yith would prefer OPEN Agents execute the plan instead. It doesn't care how; just get Cricket to the right spot that evening, alone. Using humans OPEN to the loop throws up chaff in the form of competing infinities, making it harder for Rancid to contest Nightsong's plan.

### <H3>PLAN B

If Nightsong failed to [ELIMINATE](#) Jesse Capullo p.xx, the young man meets Cricket before successful intervention is possible. The two are as close as two humans can be to soulmates. They grow instantly infatuated with each other and try to spend the rest of the Dead Circus and their lives with each other. This complicates things, but the Great Race can correct anything.

Nightsong spends his time securing a specific bag of heroin (the green twist-tie) from a certain dealer in the Jester Cartel. If OPEN Agent offer to help, he orders them to do it. Stopping him requires a battle through time, in and around the drug stockpile of the violent gang.

## <H2> Rancid - PM Sat

Either Rancid already has the Eye, or he's trying to get it. Every loop is geared towards shortening the amount of time between waking up in the medical tent and reacquiring the artifact. The faster he sets the Rending Eye to work on the crowd, the fewer subjective eons he spends trapped here.

## <Side>Frag and Freaks

If Rancid gets access to the Rending Eye for even a few moments, he mass recruits immortal lunatics from the crowd. These 'short-loops' suffer from the same insanity as Roy and every OPEN Agent. The instant they look, they become as knowledgeable, as jaded, and as alien as any other victim. Their loops complicate each other exponentially, and the mass of NPCs form complex, warring family unit that come together and break apart as their minds unwind across every potential history. Many go through phases where they believe Rancid's philosophy to be gospel. They help him retain possession of the Rending Eye and drag their own friends and family into forever.

Once multiple NPCs have seen the loop, start adding Frags to scenes and paint sections of the crowd as increasingly catatonic, hedonistic, and unhinged. Getting high and dancing starts to look more like *Hellraiser* than *House Party*. Slack-jawed burnouts have debates about theoretical mathematics and great works of literature, in multiple ancient tongues and invented languages. People stare at nothing, or laugh as if everything an Agent says is a grim, nihilistic joke. Gunshots and screams pop in the distance with increasing frequency, but the source is never found.

Even the SHUT notice this degradation amongst the crowd. Everything feels wrong and strange, but it never goes so wrong that the Circus stops. Or, if one of the eternal does attack, Agents find themselves on the other side of success, variably burdened by thousands of memories where they just died.

xxx END BOX xxx

### <H3>PARTY

Once Rancid has the telescope, he recruits more Loopies and holds party. It could be anywhere. He sets the Rending Eye up in one of the many UHauls dotting the grounds and parks it somewhere surrounded by his followers. They play morbid games and chase the extremes of experience in a gyrating spiral around the epicenter of the Rending Eye. It's a carnival at the end of time.

Most people in the crowd suffer [TEMPORAL IMMUTABILITY](#) (p.xx), but no one is looking to stop the Agents. Rancid wants them to join in. Anyone infiltrating the festivities soon finds the whole situation to be engineered, a play meant to convince any SHUT Agent to stop being a wimp and *look* already. Again, if there's a convincing argument to be made, Rancid – and everyone in the crowd – knows how to make it.

For the OPEN Agent, the pitch is simpler: get more people “to take a hit” of the Rending Eye. It's the only way out.

### <H3>PLAN B

If the Agents are the one holding artifact, Rancid simply uses his powers to try and rob them.

If he managed to get Quale on site but does not yet possess the Rending Eye, Rancid turns himself in. Quale arrests the suspect and detains him in an armored police vehicle his FBI SWAT element used to enter the grounds. He plans to interrogate Rancid Roy and execute him once they get away from the festival.

If uncontested, Rancid learns the location of the Eye from Quale, takes it, and escapes into the Dead Circus. The circumstances required to reach this situation are vanishingly rare and idiosyncratic, but Roy has found a way through. The only way to stop the death of Quale and theft of the Rending Eye is to contest Rancid, meaning an OPEN Agent has to intervene and interrogate the fellow immortal personally. This likely also outs them as a freak to the SHUT DG Agents sent as reinforcements.

OPEN Agents using DÉJÀ VU to stop Rancid hear no shortages of his pleas over the years: getting as many people as possible into the Rending Eye is the only way for any of them to escape. He begs the Agents to help retrieve the artifact. He's been begging for centuries.

If Quale never returned with the Rending Eye because Rancid was foiled, Rancid becomes murderous. He begins a mass execution of the crowd, combining total intel, zero compassion, a 99% in every firearm skill, and a series of Rube-Goldburg like accidents that strike mass casualties (i.e. loosened nuts on scaffolding, tampered wiring near gas tanks, etc). If this won't get Delta Green to bring back his toy. Nothing can, at this point.

Stopping Rancid's spree is like trying to fist fight a storm. It's only possible for someone with DÉJÀ VU (p.xx).

## <H2> Nightsong - PM Sat

Jennifer "Cricket" Peterson loves LJG, but she keeps "her clown in the closet." At work, she's a team-lead programmer at a private web developer. Her department is responsible for designing and running plug-ins that interface with a variety of air traffic control software. Cricket is team lead. Instead of clown makeup and fishnets, she wears a pants-suit and frown around her corporate office. Prejudice is to be expected from the sort of people that give out security clearances for the FAA.

Nightsong knows about Cricket, but other necessary information cannot be found on the wasted digital storage devices left behind in the mankind's irradiated future. The woman's memory holds the weapon Nightsong needs.

### <H3>BETRAY

Nightsong prefers to work with the Agents. He has broken into an RV with some privacy and parked it within the Dead Circus. To protect the secret of the location from Rancid, Nightsong refuses to reveal the rendezvous by speaking or writing it. He demands the OPEN Agents “read time” with **DÉJÀ VU**, trying every location in the Dead Circus algorithmically to discover where the RV is hidden. The experimental loops may drive them mad, but it throws up “time chaff” to obscure Rancid’s investigations.

Once they know where to look, Agents must lure Cricket to the location: alone. What they find depends on previous stages.

1. *If Nightsong has succeeded thus far and been helped by OPEN Agents*, he has kidnapped Cricket’s father. The man is dying on the bed of the RV, frothing from the mouth.
2. *If Nightsong was forced on to Plan B in previous stages*, Jesse Capullo – the love interest – has been kidnapped. The man is dying on the bed of the RV, frothing from the mouth.
3. *If Nightsong is alone and has been thwarted at every stage*, he knocks Cricket unconscious, steals a golf cart, and physically drags her into the RV. He tortures what he needs out of her with hours of agony best left undescribed.

In every instance, Nightsong’s offer is simple: *“I can save you and your loved one, Ms. Peterson. But I need the passwords. Give them to me before you are out of time.”* In every instance, Cricket gives up a very long string of numbers, letters, and punctuation marks. What happens next depends on what happened above.

1. *Nightsong injects Narcan into the nose of Cricket’s father*. The man lives. This is the best outcome. Relief and the needs of the injured old man slow Cricket’s response time. Only with help of the Agents could Nightsong optimize the loop this cleanly.
2. *Nightsong rescinds his offer and lets Jesse Capullo die*. There was enough processing power to ensure the OD, but not the cure. Nightsong leaves Cricket to watch her boyfriend choke. If Agents try to stop the tattooed man, he allows himself to be killed or captured. He already has what he needs. If Agents don’t intervene, Jesse Cappulo dies of a heroin overdose (possibly on the same drugs Agent’s secured for Nightsong’s Plan B).
3. *If Agents don’t stop Nightsong’s torture and interrogation, finding the of Cricket’s remains haunts them throughout eternity with 1/1d6 SAN.*

The only way OPEN Agents can prevent Cricket’s fate(s) is by contesting Nightsong with **DÉJÀ VU** (p.xx). She must be kept away from him. Cricket is too kindhearted and caves under his threats. If Agents cooperated with Nightsong already and everyone lived, the tattooed man orders them to ensure Cricket never meets Rancid after this point. Kill her, get her on a bus, it doesn’t matter – no one goes home if Rancid learns about what happened in the RV.

### <H3>PLAN B

Denied Cricket’s passwords, Nightsong must resort to alien technology. Using period and species accurate equipment is the preferred method of intervention, but a stymied Nightsong has no choice but to increase the variables by introducing Yithian science.



It takes a lot of time to prepare a sophisticated weapon from the primitive materials of humans, so Nightsong hides from the Agents in obscure loops, at work every Saturday night on arranging his desperate last attempt. Agents can use their powers to try and stop him, but they risk premature release of the [YITHIAN BIOLOGICAL WEAPON](#) (p.xx) if they fail.

# <H1>SUNDAY

Things are...weird. Everyone is out of drugs and the dawn burns too bright. The last day of the Circus feels more hollow, thin, and brittle than any year before. People are acting bizarre, even for loopies. There's so much violence reported, but most eyewitness accounts end up full of contradictions and lies. Everybody picks up on this social humidity, but only the damned know the source. The most sensitive try to leave early, hoping to extract themselves before the morass of dread filling the atmosphere solidifies. But their cars are always pinned in, or the dirt roads clog and turn to mush around their tires. People start to run out of gas, idling for escape.

They won't get out in time. No one does.

## <H2> Rancid - AM Sun

The loop degrades – in one way or another. In futures where the Rending Eye is being passed around like a bong, time starts to unravel. If Rancid's plans have been stymied for epochs of war against OPEN Agents, the first among immortals evaporates into fatalist zen.

### <H3>DEGRADE

By Sunday morning, the viral effects of the Rending Eye can be felt across the grounds. Some percentage of every attending person is OPEN to the loop (1 in 4, 1 in 2, or whatever ratio reflects the success of previous Agent actions). At this point, Rancid Roy only wants to gloat with the OPEN Agents. The center cannot hold, which means they are getting out of here soon.

He points to the young immortals around the Agents. These people walk around naked, partly feral. Some whisper in languages no one knows. They quote memes no one has seen, or ramble in non-sequitur quotes ripped from absurdist theatre or Fromsoft games. Those in the *real* FAM remember the self-flagellation craze of a thousand years ago, and its many ironic resurrections. They all know each other's favorite cannibalism recipe. There was that one time they all joined forces, formed a horde, and overcame the defenses at MAF Dorman – the Flight H-03 missile group stationed near Saint Johns, Nebraska. Launching the nukes was fun. Shame they don't land before Rancid explodes into Daolithic Cascade...

Rancid tries to convey the weight of every possibility, weighing down on the minds of the OPEN like a grape press. This should be horrifying to the SHUT to hear and see.

### <H3>PLAN B

If his plan to spread the Rending Eye is foiled at every stage, Rancid becomes catatonic. He is out of Plan Bs. He stares in a dumbfounded stupor. No sensation – no matter how extreme – stirs a reaction from him. This hollowed wreck of a man is especially distressing to the OPEN, as Rancid keeps reappearing all over the place. Kill him, burn him, arrest him – the SHUT forget the moment he leaves their sight, but the OPEN keep finding the numb, idiot god everywhere.

### <H3>FOILING RANCID

Whether killed or allowed to finish the loop, Rancid explodes into the Daolethic Cascade at the same time [SUN PM](#) (p.xx). The only thing that gets the man to focus before the Armageddon reset is mention of his celly, Nightsong. That name alone can reawaken what's left of Rancid Roy.

## <H2> Nightsong - AM Sun

Nightsong must execute his plan now. If he manages to **COMMUNICATE** or succeed at **PLAN B**, he can fix the Daolethic Cascade from inside. If he is stopped, more extreme chronological quarantine is necessitated else-when.

### <H3>COMMUNICATE

With the codes from Cricket, Nightsong needs satellite uplink sophisticated enough to broadcast outside the cramped rural bandwidth of Rockfall Cave. If Quale and his FBI SWAT element came to back-up Agents, the equipment on the FBI armored personal carrier is the perfect tool. If Quale and his team aren't present, the best bet is [LOCATIONS - PLACES - HQ](#) (p.xx). OPEN Agents that assist Nightsong are tasked with helping the alarming looking man sneak inside. Alone, Nightsong makes a successful infiltration attempt by himself, but it's hard to buy enough time to enter the necessary keystrokes.

Allowed access, Nightsong quickly finds what he needs, typing personal passwords and IP addresses with the speed of regular practice. Agents may roll **Alertness** or **Computer Science** to parse what is happening on the flashing tabs. On a success, they realize Nightsong is altering two flight paths and scads of metrological data: all pertain to American Airlines A319 STL/KORD, and United UAL728 CMH/DEN. Both planes are scheduled to pass over middle Illinois later tonight.

### <H3>PLAN B

The plan requires a mass casualty event, but Rancid cannot organize it with conventional technology if denied Cricket's passwords. The last resort is a home-brewed a Yithian biological

weapon. It has no name and no cure. It looks a lot like tobacco spit, complete with storage in an empty soda bottle.

Rancid tries to release the liquid into the water supply now (use [LOCATIONS – LIMINAL - WATER STATION](#) p. XX). It's the only way to reach sufficient infection levels before the Cascade.

## <Side>Yithian Biological Weapon

**Effect:** The bacteria -- crafted in a mobile meth lab on the outskirts of the Circus using only household chemicals and microbiological cultures from attendees -- spreads first through water. It goes airborne after reproducing in the lungs. Individual cells of the disease keep growing after aerosol transition, developing a hard, ridged cell wall in late life. The nonporous exterior hardens to the point it is capable of microscopically cutting lung tissue. The end result is like breathing powdered glass. The dead bacterial cells shred lung tissue like sand in a rock grinder, killing the victim internally in much the same way diatomaceous earth rips ants apart with microlacerations. Infection starts with a runny nose and sneezing. Within 24 hours, the victim chokes on their own blood.

**Mechanics:** Nightsong's weapon must culture in water first, but it becomes airborne the moment patient zero ingests contaminated liquid. Transmission rate is 50% when aerosol. After exposure, if Agents make any contact with the infected, there is a 50% chance they acquire the disease themselves. There are no symptoms for the first hour. Starting the second hour -- and for every hour until death -- lose **1d4 HP** and **1d4 SAN**. The infected end up dead within the day. There is no cure.

**Prevention:** Airborne infection risk drops to 5% if the Agent wears a mask. Plenty of KN95s remain available around the Dead Circus. For any NPC, there is a 95% chance they are not wearing a mask. In this timeline, release of Nightsong's weapon has doomed the human race. Humanity will survive less than a month against this threat, but Nightsong hopes to erase the timeline entirely before that happens.

xxx END BOX xxx

### <H3>FOILING NIGHTSONG

Denied both [COMMUNICATE](#) and [PLAN B](#), Nightsong abandons humans to their fate. The Yith evacuates the loops entirely, leaving the Agents with a confused ex-con who has no memories of events after [Thursday PM](#) (p.xx).

## <H2> Rancid - PM SUN

This is the end. Rancid doesn't know why the universe stops in the middle of "Mesmerize," during LJG finale. He worries it is because that's his favorite track, or it was, ages ago when he

looked through the Rending Eye. But he explodes even if the duo doesn't perform. He explodes even if they are dead. He explodes at the same time on a plane, fleeing over the Atlantic. He explodes if he's already dead and buried. Then it all starts over again. And again.

Loop.

Loop.

But maybe not tomorrow. Maybe tomorrow he gets to rest.

### <H3>REVEL - ENDING

Allowed to spread the Rending Eye, Rancid has sacrificed the Dead Circus to total madness. The majority of every crowd is made up of decadent, deathless lich, trapped at the same music festival for eternity. Anyone not yet OPEN is treated like a toy or a pet by the bored gods, tortured and erased and manipulated endlessly. This late in the game, navigating the Circus as the SHUT is almost as nightmarish as seeing the Rending Eye; at least the traumas of the OPEN scar over.

Rancid propositions OPEN Agents with his last moments of lucidity. He asks them to join their brothers and sisters at the final concert, the revel always occurring at the terminus of infinity. Tonight is the night. Rancid can feel no more options in the set. Too many have seen. When he goes on this loop, we all go with him.

If OPEN Agents attend, their false sanity disappears. They drop to **0 SAN**. Ask the players how their character participates in the chaotic, Caligula-esque concert that evening. What do they do to wind down the clock while a weeping Pugnacious James and Twiggy Tag-out perform at gunpoint on the stage? When everyone has described their end, Rancid's flesh explodes outwards in wriggling rods and cones of churning flesh, distorted as if by a prism.

These electric, fractal networks explode from every other eternal in the crowd. They meet and connect and spread exponentially, until the reaction takes over everything. Mercifully, some upward limit of the universe is finally breeched.

The loop does not reset, for there is no more universe to house it.

### <H3>NIGHTSONG BEATS RANCID

Killing Rancid does not stop the loop. His corpse, even reduced to ashes, explodes into Daoletic Cascade at the prescribed time. But if Rancid was thwarted and forced to Plan B by the OPEN at least once, Agents prevent the number of OPEN attendees required to collapse space/time entirely.

With Rancid foiled, the only way out is Nightsong. Agents must convince Rancid to help them find the tattooed man before it's too late.

## <H2> Nightsong - PM SUN

Nightsong knows that Daolethic Cascade reacts to unaffected timelines. As the event horizon of rods and cones extrudes from Rancid's body, it consumes the past of the SHUT, uninfected lifeform. This is how loops begin anew. Denying the presence of these "fresh" timelines is not unlike the removal of fissile material required to slow a nuclear reaction.

If Nightsong can ensure no SHUT consciousness remains within an exact physical radius during the Daolethic Cascade, the loop starves without accelerant. Nightsong's entire plan has focused on clearing the board around the epicenter of event horizon, killing everyone at the Dead Circus to ensure Rancid and the OPEN Agents wipe each other out.

### <H3>CHOICES

The final phase absolutely requires the cooperation of the OPEN. Nightsong cannot do this one without them.

At least one who has seen the Rending Eye must be alone with Rancid when he enters Daolethic Cascade. No SHUT characters can survive within sight of the event, or the loop continues through them. Daoleth must consume *itself*, else the loop never ends. Nightsong can't do it. One of the OPEN must be with Rancid at the end, and he refers to the volunteer explicitly as "a sacrifice."

To any other OPEN Agents that help, Nightsong offers a choice. He can ensure they return home remembering everything... or nothing. Let the players decide. Nightsong cares little, either way.

With cooperation, Nightsong urges the OPEN Agents to lure Rancid somewhere secure. The armored personnel carrier works, but under one of the stages works also proves sufficient. Use the contest powers of **DÉJÀ VU** to herd Rancid Roy through the possibilities and into the bunker. No SHUT Agents can be present, least not while alive.

### <H3>QUARANTINE - ENDING

If the Agents do what Nightsong suggests, he wins. If he managed to [COMMUNICATE](#) the codes (p.xx), two passenger jet aircraft collide midair above Rockfall Cave. The wreckage and jet fuel streak down onto the Dead Circus. Nearly every life around the main stage is snuffed out from the kinetic impact, flames, or fumes. Those that heeded Nightsong's advice and got Rancid someplace safe emerge to a burning field dotted with charred corpses. Then the Cascade begins...

If Nightsong had to resort to Yithian bioweapons, the outcome is far more in doubt. The OPEN Agents must ensure both they and Rancid survive the pandemic. Staying isolated and healthy is hard as the crowd disintegrates: half had become hysterical, terrified of the "super-ebola," while the OPEN gleefully puke blood and celebrate the end of the world. Escaping the military

and public health officials flocking to Rockfall Cave to stop the “virus” is also challenging, as letting the SHUT too close to Rancid ruins the plan.

In the event of success, everyone “wakes up” on [Thursday AM](#), in whatever scene they first started the game. How they reappear out of the loop depends on their [CHOICES](#) (above).

1. SHUT Agents -- or OPEN Agents that choose to forget -- regain all **SAN** and **HP**. They remember nothing about this game.
2. OPEN Agents that chose to remember suffer one last **1/1d10 SAN** loss. The false sanity -- the ghost of a personality determining their every choice in life -- shatters on Thursday morning. They remember everything that happened, retain every disorder, and keep every skill, but they lose access to all **DÉJÀ VU** powers. If they continue in other operations, it's as a character for whom the vast majority of experience derives from a 3-day music festival that never happened. What remains of their minds is free to pursue their last life.
3. The sacrifice -- the one OPEN Agent that agreed to help Nightsong and interface with Rancid -- wakes up in the nursery of the hospital in which they were born. Reduce to **0 SAN**. The Handlers describes a nightmare of a life, one in which the sacrifice must behave “normally,” locked in repetition for the full duration of their lifespan before the **BRIEFINGS** (p.xx). The OPEN only truly comes returns to consciousness again on the front porch of Dr. Feri Tarr's home at 11:20 PM, Wednesday evening. Ask the sacrifice how -- on their last lifetime -- they would like to proceed. Do they prevent the suspects from breaking in? Warn Dr. Tarr? Do they let it happen again?

The game ends with Delta Green discovering the aftermath of whatever the **0 SAN** Agent decides.

### <H3>RANCID “BEATS” NIGHTSONG

Nightsong's plan fails in any of the following eventualities.

1. He could not **COMMUNICATE** or build the Yithian bioweapon in **PLAN B** of [AM SUN](#) (p.xx)
2. SHUT characters are alive and within eyesight of Rancid Roy when he enters Daolithic Cascade. This could be unintentional, or a refusal on the part of OPEN Agent to murder their innocent, blind partners.

Either way, attempts to stop the loop fail, Rancid learns of Nightsong's plan, and he becomes impossible to thwart in future loops. The collapse of space/time become inevitable, and -- to the Yith -- unacceptable. Cease play immediately.

If Agents ask what happened, tell them they cannot -- experientially -- ever possibly know. They do not exist to receive an answer. This operation didn't happen. Their lives before this operation didn't happen. As a result of their failure, the human race may never exist, but -- suffice to say -- the Agents are erased from time before they can tell the difference.

# <H1> Generators

Handlers and players should add their own ideas. If a scene is possible – no matter how absurd the coincidences and synchronicities required to engineer it – that moment exists somewhere, in a timeline Rancid, Nightsong, and all the OPEN Agents have mapped and explored.

- **Locations:** Liminal spaces and major places specific to the Dead Circus
- **Loopies:** Quick NPC and band names for setting details.
- **Frag:** Remainder memories from dead timelines, overwriting reality once Rancid starts showing people the Rending Eye.
- **Limits:** *Roll if an OPEN Agent suffers temporary insanity from light **DÉJÀ VU** (p.xx).* Pick a humanity-defining boundary that the Agent shatters with immortality.
- **Hyperfixations:** *Roll if an Agent hits a Breaking Point from **DÉJÀ VU** (p. xx).* Studying all possibilities in time requires constant, overwhelmed memory. Nonsense information lodges in the brain and turns obsessive.

## <H2> Locations

Liminal	#	Places
<b>Impromptu car show:</b> Souped-up hotrods, twin bikes, ATVs, and old GMC trucks. All revving engines and stereos. Deafeningly loud and clouded with exhaust.	1	<b>The Bazaar:</b> Open-air drug market on the sides of the titular Rockfall Cave: a collapsed mine in the side of the only hill on the property. Held on a wooden footbridge over a small creek running out of the rocks
<b>Amateur concert:</b> Performed from truck beds or backpack PA's, at intersections of muddy paths. Draws small crowds and obstructs traffic. Involves sparklers, roman candles, and sad pyrotechnics.	2	<b>A Backstage:</b> There are three main stages, five smaller tent venues, and a dozen dance floors. Each has a cordoned off series of tents for sound techs, performers, and VIPs. Security of variable quality.
<b>Rogue Dealers:</b> Selling drugs outside the Bazaar. Roll Luck. On a failure, sober Loopies object and threaten to draw the Agents into an altercation.	3	<b>The Fuck Hut:</b> Tent for exactly what it sounds like. Security cards at the door. Don't go in unless you want to play. First Aid and snack station next door is free.
<b>Block Party:</b> Grouping of U-Haul and RV encampments holding a barbecue. Even the kids are in jester paint. Give weird looks to anyone passing by without an LJG face on.	4	<b>LSC Security Tent:</b> Lockers, chargers, and vehicle parking for event security. Operates a series of drones and maintains comms across festival. Coolest tents on the site because they horde all the good fans.
<b>Vehicle Road:</b> Mud and gravel road. Best bet for getting ambulances, food trucks, and other heavy vehicles around, but beloved by foot traffic. Lined with trees garlanded in fairy lights and streamers.	5	<b>Stage One:</b> Main platform on which every night's headliner performs, including LJG on Sunday. Always in the process of a concert, tear down, or set up. More and more filthy with litter the longer the show goes.
<b>Shit City:</b> Mass row of portable toilets and handwash stations. No showers. Things are better since the dark days of the 00's, but most facilities are bogs by the end of the festival.	6	<b>Walk-a-loop City:</b> Massive tent-only campground, favored by Loopies that travel to the Circus without a car. Furthest from the main throughfares, but it has the best port-a-potties.
<b>Merch Booths:</b> Private loopy-adjacent entrepreneurs selling bootlegs, recording podcasts, and exploiting the free markets. It's rare anyone charges tax, but there's more than one crypto ATM	7	<b>The Ring:</b> Amateur backyard wrestling ring. Matches have been banned for years for insurance reasons; crowd rebuilds it anyway. Often moves locations between nights. Bouts constantly draw a crowd.
<b>A Stage:</b> One of many small platforms for other musical acts. Only performing half the time, to crowds of varying size. Otherwise, an empty and muddy field.	8	<b>Aid Station:</b> One of many around the site. Cleanest places on the grounds, and always staffed with a few EMTs. Hands out free water and contraceptives.
<b>Food Booths:</b> Pop-up operations selling chicken tenders, cheese steak, corn dogs, funnel cake, and booze. Clustered together to share generator and water hook-ups. Fantastic chili dogs.	9	<b>Clowntown:</b> Main residential area of the Circus, made of U-Haul's, RVs, and car campers. Spreads outs and morphs from the assigned parking spots over the course of festivities. Sparsely populated during shows.
<b>Water Station:</b> Water truck surrounded by a network of foot-paddle pump stations. Used to fill camelbacks and jugs to take back to camp. Pallet floors to keep it from sinking in the morass of mud.	10	<b>HQ:</b> Central tent for briefing event staff. Home of Marge, the main security force, and radio equipment. Two ambulances parked outside. Air-conditioned.



## <H2> Circus

Loopy and Quote	#	Musical Act
<b>Bass Tits:</b> So high he thinks he's giving an interview on some sort of show. <i>"It's all about respect. You got to give to get it. You know?"</i>	1	Grave Digga
<b>Cyclone:</b> Giving out shitty tattoos in a dentist chair on wheels <i>"Got to leave your mark on the FAM. So they remember the love."</i>	2	Kidnappedinhisbasement
<b>The Tyrell Family:</b> Papa Jester, Mama Jester, and three girls under 12, enjoying themselves to varying degrees. <i>"Mom! The Wi-Fi here sucks!"</i>	3	Organization
<b>Jester Claus:</b> Mascot for LJG records, running free giveaways of merch and posing for media hits. Followed by a security guard. <i>"HOES HOES HOES"</i>	4	G\$D
<b>Muddbutt:</b> Jester-hat bikini Harlequin cosplay. Selling t-shirts between shows. <i>"Mom got me into them, but she had surgery this year; couldn't make it."</i>	5	Bloodrot
<b>Lane-iac:</b> Fella named Lane. Solid guy. Works as a house inspector. All-around cool dude. Face painted like a skull. <i>"Hey, you guys got water?"</i>	6	WizkidWickedz
<b>Kathy:</b> Retired teacher, working LJG security and water booths for some extra cash <i>"I was a little intimidated at first, but everyone's so nice!"</i>	7	D0ntCanC3lTh3H0mies
<b>Frakenjester:</b> Preaching the good word and getting people sober in clown makeup and an Anglican clergy cassock. <i>"I owe the FAM and for leading me to Jesus."</i>	8	Swingerz Sepulchre
<b>Crawl:</b> Full-body tattoos and selling bootleg CD's out of backpack. <i>"I seen shit out these streets you wouldn't believe"</i>	9	Clown City Pop
<b>Billybert:</b> Raving about the haters. Shirtless. Lonely. <i>"We telling all them judgy normie fucks to fucking fuck off, ya fucking hear me!?"</i>	10	Spazzy Nukemall, featuring Jennifer Judas and the Loopette Valkyries

## <H2> Frags

Paradoxes and ghost memories leftover from intersecting time loops. Frags start after Rancid reacquires the Rending Eye and shows more people the loop. These “leftovers” appear to OPEN and SHUT Agents when other immortal engineers forget to retcon them away.

All frags provoke **SAN** rolls against unnatural, but amount lost is left to Handler’s discretion.

#	Frag
1	A group of people in lawn chairs outside their tent, playing an RPG with the Agents as characters. Reading a handmade two-page rulebook written by Rancid Roy. Debating whether the dice system truly reflects shifts in the metastatic equilibrium of the day’s behavior models. The starter scenario reveals the next <b>Stage</b> (p.xx) of Rancid’s plans.
2	Dr. Ionnidias, professor of Ancient Greek, looking for someone named Rancid Roy or a ride out of town. He helped translate a number of passages from ancient Greek for a fortune in crypto and no questions asked. The doctor was impressed by his student’s grasp of the language, and he asks if the Agents could direct him to an ATM.
3	A rapper giving a performance somewhere nearby starts doxxing the Agent, their Bonds, and several personal secrets. The lyrics of the bridge/breakdown mention Delta Green by name and alludes to previous operations. When the Agents arrive to stop the concert, they find nothing but a row of port-o-potties.
4	A massive celebrity shows up along with a security crew (player’s choice). They land in a helicopter, their assistants entering the crowds to find Napoleon Royston. The celebrity explains “ <i>He’s just so charming, and he’s right. I’ve got to live my life today.</i> ” She asks for an escort to see him, and they all disappear into the grounds. (After this scene, retcon until only one character remembers this happening.)
5	Roll <b>Alertness</b> . On a success, the Agent notices the increasing prevalence of an image: a monkey on a typewriter. After they notice it on more shirts and van art, they start seeing it on fresh tattoos amongst the crowd -- often next to Shakespeare quotes. If asked, anyone sporting the monkeys just laugh and say, “You’ll get the joke soon.”
6	A tactical team – fully-kitted in tactical gear – moves through the area at a jog, holding riot shields in a testudo formation. The commanding officer can be heard screaming orders in the center: “ <i>Move! Move! Back to the M-Rap!</i> ” The crowd jeers and gawks. As soon as the harried LEO’s turn a corner, they disappear.
7	A Bond calls an Agent, asking why a courier just delivered a plane/bus ticket to Rockfall Cave. If the Agent checks their bank, the money came from their account. The transaction time is listed as the same timestamp as the phone call. The Bond got a ticket the Agent can’t remember delivering, purchased after the Bond called about it.
8	A naked, weeping man runs through the crowd, asking people for help. He says a man with onion dreads hit him over the head and stole everything. If Agents roll <b>Persuade</b> , he admits to being a professional magician and pickpocket. He was paid an enormous sum to deliver lessons to Royston, but when he arrived, the man just laughed and hit him.
9	An audit team from the IRS, complete with labelled government vans struggling in the muddy roads. Officer Nieland is leading an audit into Wayne Rollins and received a tip that the Dead Circus festival had evidence of fraud. Marge insists she would never call for the feds, not to mention an accountant, but the IRS has her voice on tape making the tip.
10	A Dr. Mellencamp, professor of Physics and Quantum Mechanics, is desperately searching for someone named “69SockLover420.” He needs to question them on their ‘groundbreaking work,’ published on an hours old Reddit post. He claims the theory revolutionizes humanity’s understanding of the universe, if it can be proven. Roll <b>Search</b> to help the doctor find the poster. On a success, the Loopie doesn’t remember posting that. The post doesn’t exist when characters check again, going to a 404.

## <H2> Limits

Roll if an OPEN Agent suffers temporary insanity from [LIGHT DÉJÀ VU](#) (p.xx). Ask questions and help the Agent explore how endless repetition reshapes the boundaries of identity.

Limit	Broken
1 Boredom	There are millions of loops where escape seems pointless. What's the most absurd thing you ever did to try and distract yourself? How long? What made you stop?
2 Morality	Lose one of your character's motivations. Permanently. Describe the moment you realized it was stupid and childish. Replace the motivation with one word: "Escape."
3 Sensation	Joy only survives if fed by new experience. Your search for fresh sensation is literally endless. What were you doing when you realized your tastes had "evolved" past nearly everyone?
4 Perfection	What talent have you always wanted to master? When did you achieve perfection? When did that same perfection begin to disgust you?
5 Love	Infinity opens up most possibilities, but time, distance, and personalities do make a few outcomes impossible. You cannot – under any circumstances – arrange a visit with one of your Bonds before the loop resets. Which one? Why can't they be persuaded to comfort you in this hell?
6 Despair	Describe the first time you died. Then describe the last time you died that same way, right before you got bored with it. What's your preferred method of suicide lately? What's the hottest new tech in self-destruction?
7 Space	You can wake up and start running. How far away can you get from the Dead Circus before the loop resets on Sunday? What memory do you have of that far away place as existence liquifies, dissolves, and resets?
8 Memory	Reveal exactly how much you know about an Agent. Read their character sheet back to them in exacting detail. Roleplay the reaction of the Agent before resetting the scene. This memory already happened, and it is reason to say nothing.
9 Self	You have lied about your identity many, many times, desperate for identity outside the cage of your own mind. Who were you, briefly? How did you glimpse a different, better Self before Sunday came again?
10 Acceptance	<u>Recite the mantra:</u> <i>There is conservation of time as there is a conservation of energy. Infinite possibilities prune into a single, fatalistic reality, else existence chokes on itself. Fate is a natural constant, like water flowing to lowest elevation. Suffering is anticipation of destiny's terminus. I accept the End's approach. I acknowledge it shall never arrive.</i>

## <H2> Hyperfixations

Roll if an Agent hits a Breaking Point as a result of [DÉJÀ VU](#) (p. xx). Being OPEN constantly assaults and rewrites memories with new experience. Trauma lodges certain information in the mind as an obstacle to new memories.

Hyperfixations are shorter manifestations of the obsession disorder (*Agent's Handbook* p. 72). If an Agent with a hyperfixation loses **2 SAN** or more on a single roll, they suffer -20% on any skill that does not indulge the obsession. The effect lasts the remainder of the scene. They must, at a minimum, talk about it, or the compulsion distracts from any other actions. Agents with multiple breaking points can return to the first hyperfixation, or take seconds, thirds, etc.

Sudden shifts into hyperfixation might cause **SAN** rolls in other, especially SHUT Agents.

#	Hyperfixations
1	<b><u>LG</u></b> : You know everything about the band, the management, the lore. Everything. You can discourse about the Loopies forever and connect the band to any topic.
2	<b><u>Art</u></b> : Pick an artform. You know everything about it. You've viewed every piece your loop has access to, read every criticism. All events are inspiration for this single medium.
3	<b><u>History</u></b> : Pick a historical period and focus. Anything from the Civil War to Zelda Speedruns. You study it excessively. It's your comfort concept. Everyone must know.
4	<b><u>Parasocial</u></b> : Pick a person at the Dead Circus or another Agent. You know everything about them. You escaped your pain by interrogating every aspect of their past and personality. You love them, more than they can ever understand or remember.
5	<b><u>DG</u></b> : Your Agent knows everything about the Delta Green. You spent a few million years interrogating Agents and breaking into classified files, finding no escape there. The secret history is now frivolous 'lore' that you endlessly debate for fun.
6	<b><u>Media</u></b> : You got into a serialized story – comic, podcast, show, etc. It's an old and huge property with an insular community. You are first among fans, having consumed the content more times than can be counted. Its story is your myth cycle now.
7	<b><u>Enemy</u></b> : There is a person amongst the Dead Circus you have learned to hate. It may be justified, or an obsession born of disgust. You go out of your way to frustrate and abuse this ignorant person. On loops where you can't hurt them, you fantasize about it.
8	<b><u>Graphomania</u></b> : The urge to simplify and abstract the world into understandable maps, graphs, and notes is too much to overcome sometimes. You want to record nearly everything, even knowing it won't last between loops.
9	<b><u>Food</u></b> : Taste has proven the hardest of your senses to dull into nothingness. Your recall of culinary options within the Circus is absolute. You have <i>opinions</i> on every chicken tender vendor and the proper preparations for corn dogs.
10	<b><u>Ephemera</u></b> : After the first few million years, you realize there are facts only you can know. The predictive behavioral model of hearing a pop song at a certain time. Mathematical certainties in the way weather affects the number of people wearing hats. You exist to share these weird facts and impossible correlations now.

# <H1>Characters

For appearance and personality, see [THE SUSPECTS](#) on p.XX and [ETERNAL AGENDAS](#) on p.XX

## <H2> Andy "Nightsong" Nye

*Yith repair specialist*, infinite mind inside a 37 year-old ex-con

STR	13	CON	13	DEX	12	INT	12	POW	11	CHA	11
HP	13	WP	∞	SAN	N/A	BREAKING POINT	(never)				

**SKILLS:** Any Skill 99%

**RITUALS:** Any. Handler's discretion.

## <H2> Napoleon "Rancid Roy" Royston

*Immortal lunatic*, 40 years-old going on a trillion

STR	10	CON	12	DEX	10	INT	10	POW	17	CHA	12
HP	11	WP	(more than you)			SAN	0...0...0...0...0			BREAKING POINT	(lol)

**SKILLS:** Any Skill 99%

**RITUALS:** Anything Nightsong uses on a loop, Rancid Roy can learn.

## <H2> Rowen "Huey" Hewitt

*Heart-attack Prometheus*, pickled in agony at age 27

STR	12	CON	09	DEX	12	INT	10	POW	15	CHA	14
HP	0 (soon)		WP	--	SAN	0	BREAKING POINT	(long ago)			

**SKILLS:** Craft [Dying] 100%